Mickey Mouse Magazine

10¢
AUGUST
1939
VOL. 4 No. 11

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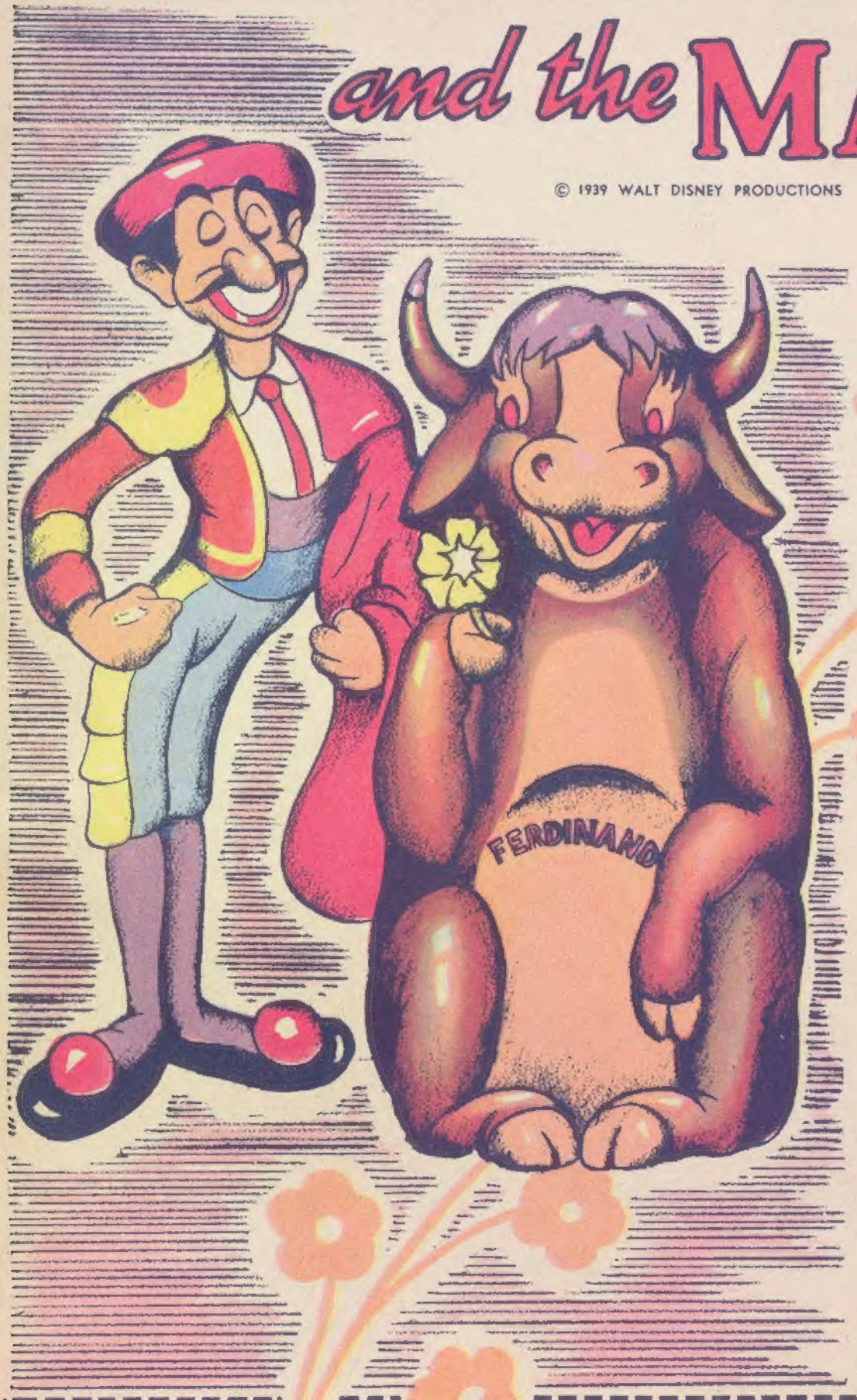

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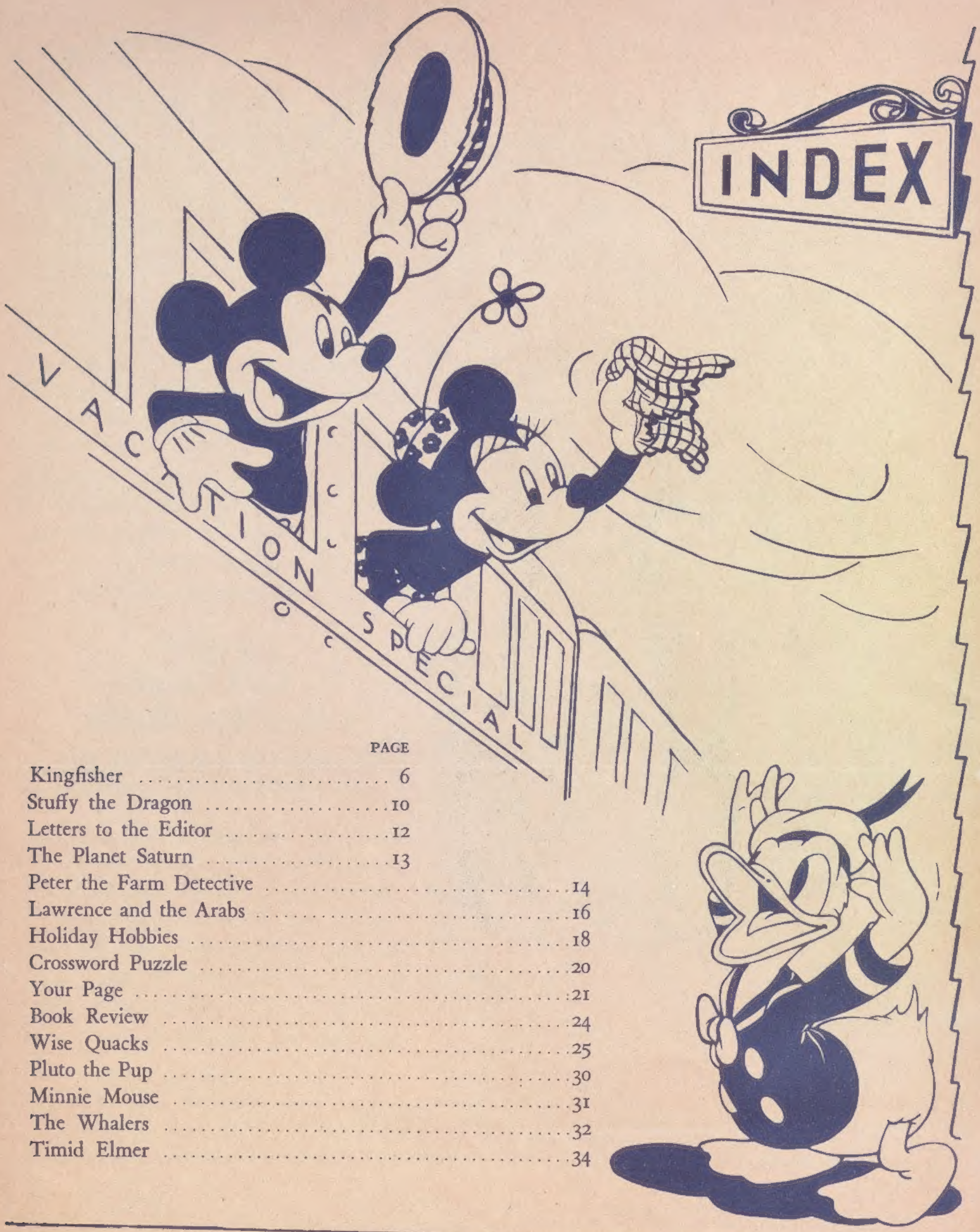

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Mickey Mouse Magazine

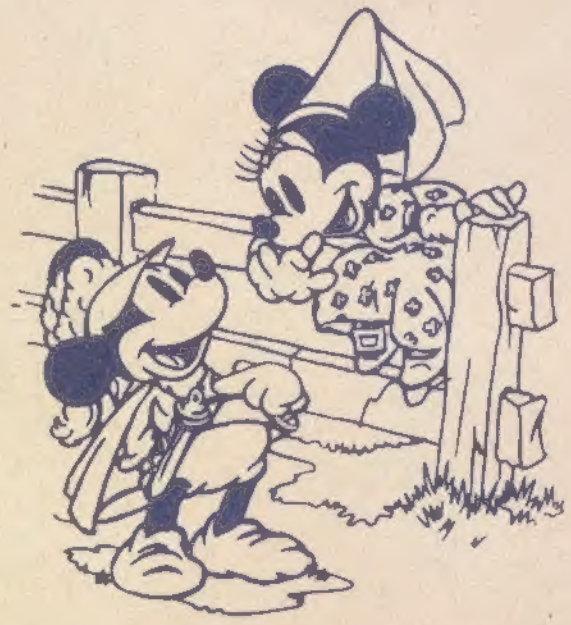
MICKEY MOUSE, Editor

KAY KAMEN, Publisher

Just Between Us—

THERE are so many things to talk about this month that we hardly know where to begin. But one generally feels full of things in the summer time and that's why we thought you might like to work off some of that extra energy and start a collection of flowers and leaves and things like that. Not only can you make beautiful scrapbooks to look through in the winter and remember a happy summer, but they may be very useful, too, in your studies at school.

AND while we're on the subject of summertime and the great out-of-doors, we thought you would expecially enjoy another Pere Castor story by Lida, translated from the French. It's about a Kingfisher. You will love the story and how exciting it would be if you did happen to see one in the country during the summer. It would be just like a fairy tale come true.



EVEN without taking a vote on it, I am sure that the most popular hero in all the world is Mickey Mouse and the most popular heroine—Minnie Mouse. So a story, even a short, short story about Mickey and Minnie, with a kind of dragon thrown in, should be the most popular story in all the world. If you're interested in sending in your vote after you've read the story, I'm sure Mickey would be glad to know just how he stands with you!

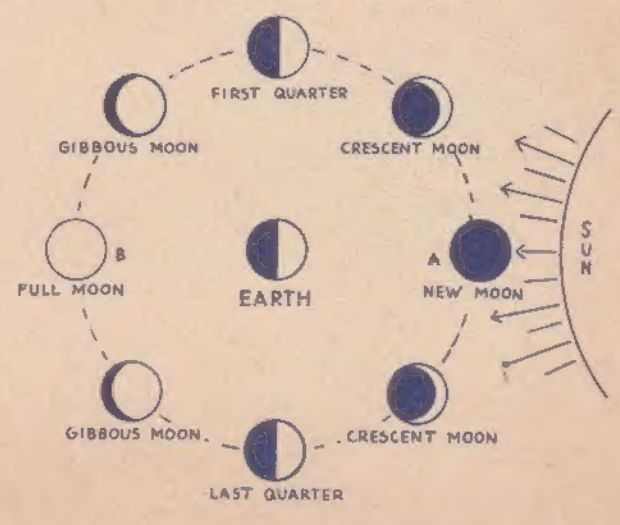
NOW so far we've talked about this month's issue of the magazine and it is just duck soup to turn the pages and find out for yourself what is here—but the real news is what there will be next month. And it *is* real news, too.

First, the whole magazine from beginning to end will be in color!

Second, there's a new story called DONALD'S PENGUIN that will tickle you pink. You know we can't let too many months go by without slipping in a story about Donald—no sir! —not when he's on the loose with a gun like that in his hand. And the penguin? Well, if you loved the ugly duckling you'll love the little penguin, too. And best of all, you'll be seeing him in the movies very, very soon.

Third, there is a first-rate story about Richard the Lion-Hearted. He was born a long, long time ago in the month of September, and he lived in the days of Robin Hood, when knights were bold.

Correction of chart appearing in May issue



KINGFISHER

STORY BY LIDA
PICTURES BY ROJAN

BETWEEN two old fir trees, a brook gurgled out of the ground.

"Glu-glu!" it cried merrily and capered down the hill hopping and skipping and doing little whirligigs all along the way.

A big rock tried to hold it back:

"Stay," it said. "This is a lovely place to live."

"I cannot stay in one place for long. Let me pass," babbled the brook.

And impatiently, it lapped around the sides of the rock and broke away. Off and away at a pace to make your head swim; tumbling into holes, surging over stones and long-armed roots, scudding, clamouring, eddying—until, all out of breath, it came out upon the plain.

There at last it grew calm. No longer a giddy little brook, now it was a beautiful stream, flowing along serenely with a song. It rolled through the woods, meandered across the meadows and finally passed under a little white bridge.

A little white bridge with an arched back in the heart of a wild valley, overgrown with prickly plants and strewn with moss-covered rocks.

What a beautiful land! Not anywhere could be found the heavy footprint of man, only little delicate marks.

Four by four, small fans followed along the mud: a frog had hopped there.

A long smooth ribbon in the sand: an otter had brushed away his traces with his tail.

On a rock standing out of the water, was a damp oval spot where a water-rat had sunned himself.

Resting lightly on the fronds of a fern, a small feather glistened like a sapphire. A-ha! a kingfisher had lost one of his jewels.

All along the stream there were wonderful discoveries to be made.

Under the waterfall, at the entrance to the valley, was a basin of rocks where the water boiled and swirled around before continuing its course. Here the trout assembled, lying motionless around the sides, so still they seemed to be sleeping—but not at all! They were watching and waiting—ready to throw themselves like fiends on the first small thing that swam or wriggled by.

Farther on, the stream choked through a narrow channel. Its waters tumbled grumbling against the rocks and then spread out and flowed without a sound over a carpet of water grasses. How good the mint smelled growing along the banks!

Flat and still the water lay among the reeds. This was the frogs' native land.

The stream curled and zigzagged fitfully as though it wanted to say "How do you do?" to all the willows round about, and it played leap-frog over the dead branches, stones and clusters of red roots that tried to bar its way.

The crayfish were pleased to find these little accidental dams in the stream because they were always looking for safe places to hide. They lumbered over them, but at the slightest sound they would plop into their holes, swimming backwards, thumping their tails, raising little clouds of sand.

A hollow oak, where a family of owls lived, thrust a naked branch above the water.

Two poplars on an islet, fluttered their leaves over a haunt of brigands: from that point every night two otters set out to hunt for sleeping fish.

Before reaching the little white bridge, the stream wound around a small cliff covered with yellow-flowered broom where always a water-rail or two darted from tuft to tuft.

Beyond the bridge the swirls and tumblings began again, and all the way to the mill the stream murmured sweetly to itself. At every step along the bank were more discoveries, more surprises: a little animal to watch; a strange cry to harken to; a flower to smell.

A little kingdom in itself, waiting for a king!

"FRRRR!" a swift flutter of wings, a flash of blue, and a kingfisher darted above the clear water.

From whence came that bird more blue than the sky and shining brighter than silk? Could the song of the stream have lured him here?

There was no doubt at all that he found the valley calm, wild and more beautiful than any other valley in all the world. So he installed himself and claimed it for his own, without any more ado than that.

Flying straight as an arrow over the surface of the water, from the falls to the mill and from the mill to the falls, he let out a war-cry:

"This is my domain! This is my fishing ground! Henceforth I am *King!*"

The mudhens and the teals nesting near the mill, understood.

All the birds of the stream understood. And they moved away without waiting for the King to fight them off with his sharp beak.

Having conquered the realm, he next chose his fishing places. He found a branch of a hazel-nut tree that gave just enough under his weight, from where he could watch the movements of the gudgeons below. If one passed within reach—plop!

he dropped into the water, wings folded, head down, and his long beak closed over the little fish.

The naked branch of the hollow oak was a good fishing place for rudd, and a rock by the waterfall was an excellent spot to catch young trout.

Perched above the clear water, perfectly still, neck out, the King waited for little fish off their guard.

Better than anyone else he knew their habits. He knew the young barbel lazily trail their moustaches along the untroubled depths; that the chubs on the other hand are never still and wherever there is a mosquito or a fly to gobble, their heads are sure to appear above water. He knew too, that carp like still water where they can jump into the air with a slapping noise; that tench hunt worms in the soft mud.

He was careful to avoid the feudal domain of the pike, standing guard in the shadowy caverns hollowed out by the current.

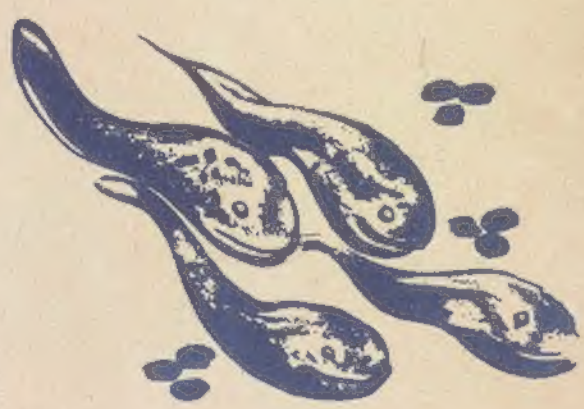
Nor did the prudent King attack the ugly catfish with darts sharper than needles; nor the stickleback which is made like a pincushion.

A sly fisher, he also knew that wall-eyes prefer to move with the current among the stones, and that tiny minnows swim in closed ranks along the shore where the water is warm and so shallow that they are safe from those red-finned tigers, the perch, with big eyes, yellow and black.

And he made good use of all this knowledge.

THE stream, swollen by spring rains, began to brighten up. Everything hummed. The frogs raised a terrible din. It was spawning time. Mother fish brushed against the grasses and stones at the bottom of the stream to lay hundreds of thousands of tiny eggs. So wary, as a rule, the fish now threw all caution to the winds. One could even pick them up in the hand without them trying to slip away.

Naturally, lots of eggs are always eaten by big and little fish, by all the water insects and grubs. But the ones that escape so many ravenous appetites, develop into wee little fish, no larger than a comma. They feed in the water and grow until they are half-a-matchstick long, and then more of them are eaten by the gobblers of the stream.



The King certainly had no difficulty catching his breakfast.

Sitting among the ferns we watched a wagtail hop from stone to stone. Plik! Plik! We listened to the muted grumblings of the tadpoles, so funny now—a head, a tail, and nothing more. But in time they would be plump little frogs.

A light scratching made us look up, and there on the slope of the small cliff was the King, hammering with his beak as though he were trying to dig a hole. But no! There was not one, but *two* kingfishers beyond that trembling curtain of alder trees.

"Ah!" we said, without think-

ing, and broke the charm. Two blue streaks disappeared among the leaves. But never mind. We knew that the King had found a Queen and that they were building a nest.

Wouldn't you think that birds with sky-blue wings would make their nests in the clouds? Certainly you'd never look for them in the ground!

"Tock! tock! tock!" The King worked hard for three weeks, hammering the earth with his long beak. And as he dug and dug the Queen carried away the stones and roots and dirt that he pushed out. Little by little the hole became a hallway three feet long and still the King worked harder than ever. Now he hollowed out a small room and often the Queen would slip in and impatiently follow all his movements.

"Keek! Keek!" she piped, stamping around. She wanted to fly and sing, but controlled herself and, picking up a large stone, carried it away.

At last the house was made, beautiful and clean, and perfumed with the sweet smell of fresh earth. But, still something was lacking.

"Keek, keek, keek, keeeek! Keek, keek, keek, keeeek!"

The Queen chattered away without ever closing her beak.

"Keek!" replied the King.

And they both flew off in search of fish bones for the Queen's room. Soon the little ones would be here, and nothing is softer for baby kingfishers than a cradle lined with tiny bones.

Then we saw them often, flashing over their domain like twin arrows. Never were they parted. Never! They slept, flew and fished, one close by the other. Patient fishers, they perched on neighboring branches, motionless, head

bent low over the stream. Sometimes, plop! the water opened, the water closed. The King had caught a silver whitebait. He rose to the surface beating his strong wings gleaming with drops of water. He shook himself all over, and there he was again, like a statue on his branch. Plop! The Queen dove in turn, and brought back a golden rudd.

All the day long the King and Queen went from stone to rock, from alder to young elm, from their nest to the stream. To fish? Why, of course. But mostly, perhaps, because they loved their stream where the blue heavens were reflected, with tunnels of shade and mirrors of light; its waterfalls and its sandy shores. And, too, because they were happy to be together: *always; everywhere.*

But when the sun sank low over the valley they went home. And then the stream awakened to the world of night.

"Brakekeks . . . brakekeks!" the green frog called to her sisters.

"Brakekeks . . . brakekeks . . . brakekeks!" they all replied in a long sad chant.

The moon shone. By its light an old crayfish came out of its hole. It was very, very old. Forty-five times it had changed its shell and that meant it was forty-five years old. With bulging eyes and claws well in advance, it swam quietly until all of a sudden, as though it had just awakened, it began to stroke with all four feet. Something rotting had deliciously tickled its mouth. Faster and faster it swam until it reached an old dead frog caught in a hanging branch. Cleaning up the stream was the special job of the crayfish. Already from all the holes around, others came out to assist at this unexpected feast.

Many strange things happened under the pale light of the moon. An eel slipped out of the stream to visit a neighboring pond. It moved almost as fast over the wet grass as in the water, and soon there was nothing more to be seen but a gleaming path between the bushes.

Rings and bubbles appeared on the surface of the water; slowly a round head emerged, a charming mischievous head. Its white pointed teeth flashed like a smile. With wet moustache, pointed ears, it opened its nostrils, sniffled three times and disappeared under the water—all in three seconds. It was difficult to know if it was a living creature or a character from a fairy tale attracted by the full moon.

Continued on page 22

Stuffy the Dragon

EVERYBODY in Disneyville was agog about the new million-dollar picture starring Mickey and Minnie Mouse—*St. George and the Dragon.* But Mickey took it all in the day's work and marched out of his dressing room swinging his sword like a drum major.

"Oh! How brave you look, Mickey," cooed Minnie, who was all dressed up like a princess.

"Well, I guess I'm the bravest fellow you'll ever meet," crowed Mickey as he clamped his sword in its scabbard.

"Brave enough to kill a dragon?" asked Minnie.

"Brave enough to kill TEN dragons!" boasted Mickey. "But don't worry. It's only a stuffed dragon. Walt wouldn't dare have *real* ones around the lot. Might scare somebody."

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Minnie. "I've always wanted to see

a live dragon. And think how excited everybody would be when you killed it!"

Mickey laughed. "I'd be glad to oblige you but I don't think there's one live fire-breathing dragon in all Disneyville."

"Show me how you're going to kill the stuffed one then," persisted Minnie.

"Sure," said Mickey. "But you'll have to use your imagination a bit."

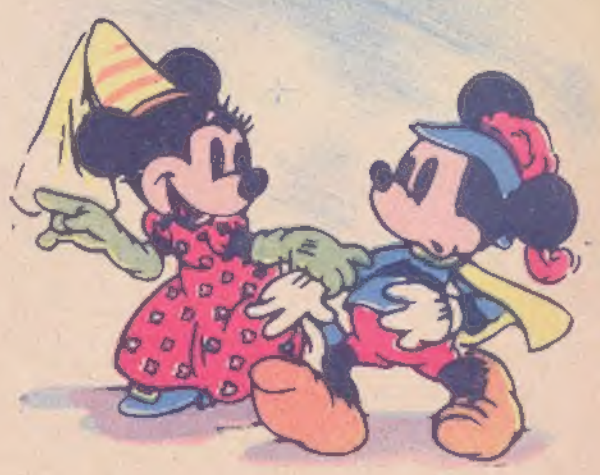
They walked across the lot and Mickey described the dragon scene as they went along.

"The monster charges with a deafening roar! Flames leap out of his mouth. I advance stealthily, shielding my face from the hot blast with my cape, holding my sword in readiness. He charges. I leap aside. He charges again, but he is so big he cannot follow swiftly."

Just then they saw the dragon lying near the pool.

"Shucks," said Mickey. "He looks more like a crocodile. But we'll pretend he's real."

He drew his sword and continued the scene. "Springing



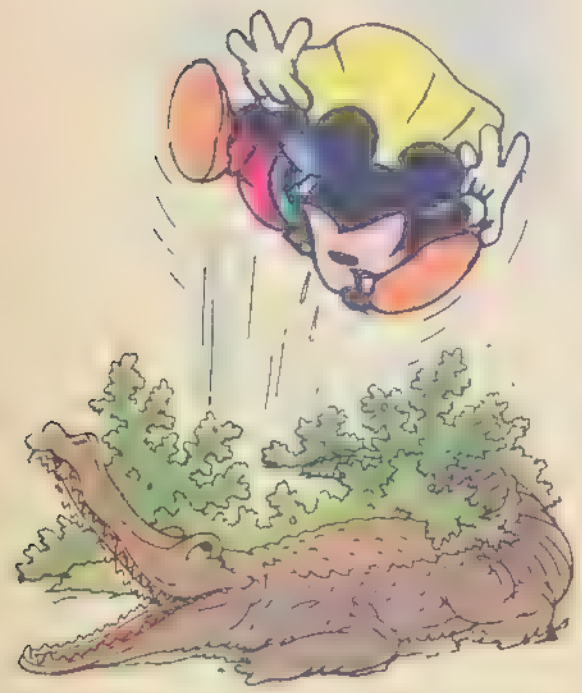
back I quickly plunge my sword between his shoulders."

The crocodile opened his big jaws . . .

"Help!" yelled Mickey, jumping straight up into the air.

"He's *real!*" screeched Minnie running as fast as she could.

She forgot that Mickey was the bravest of the brave—and so did Mickey. He landed in the pool and shuddered as he saw the two wide rows of pointed teeth



before him.

Slowly the stuffed dragon began to move off.

"Th-that's a good fellow," stammered Mickey. "Run along."

And he dashed off to a nearby shed and scrambled to the roof.

"Oh boy! That was a narrow escape!" he breathed, mopping his brow with his handkerchief.

Then he noticed that the crocodile was slowly moving toward him . . . was even climbing up the side of the shed.

"Help!" he yelled again. "Where'll I go? What'll I do?"

Mickey hid his face in his hands. He was frightened. And there, lying in the pool, was his forgotten sword. He could hear the dragon's tail thumping as he came nearer and he almost thought he smelt smoke.

Should he jump?

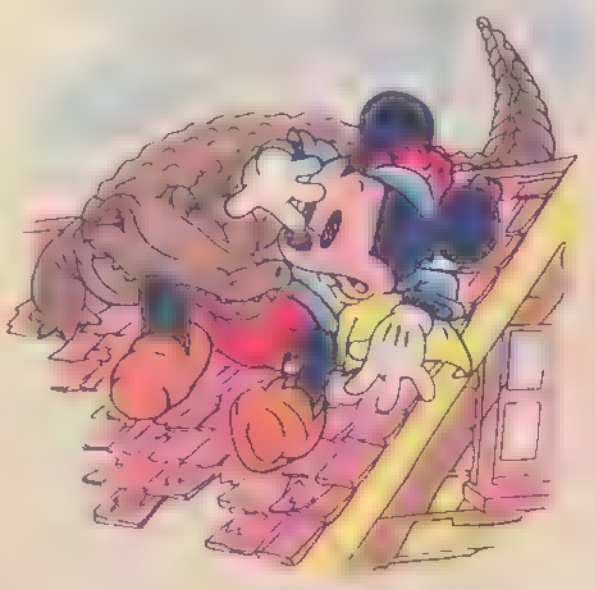
Or should he wait to be eaten?

Before he could make up his mind he felt something push against him. He peeped through his fingers. It was the crocodile.

"G-g-g-go away!" begged Mickey. "It's not safe here for little crocodiles."

The crocodile looked over the edge and then crept closer to Mickey. He even put his head in his lap.

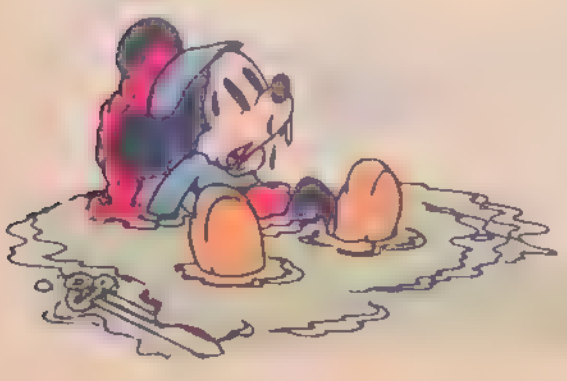
"He looks scared," thought

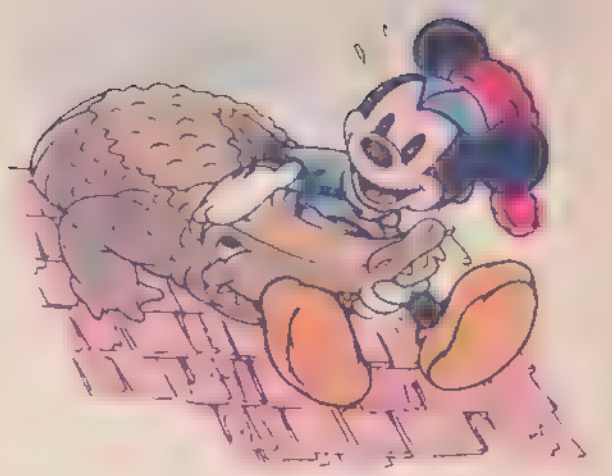


Mickey. "Wants me to help him!"

And he began to feel brave again.

"So there you are!" yelled a man from the other side of the pool.





"Trying to make friends. with Mickey who is supposed to kill you in the next *take!*"

"Give us a hand, will you?" Mickey sang out, feeling quite sure of himself again.

"Yes, sir," said the man when they were both down on the ground again. "Been a special pet of mine since he was hatched. Why he wouldn't harm a baby!"

"What's his name?" asked Mickey.

"Oh, I always called him Stuffy. He likes to eat," laughed the keeper.

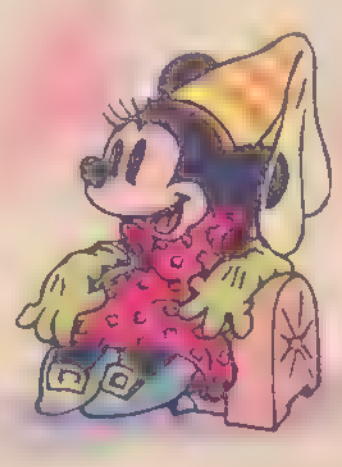
GREAT sobs were coming from Minnie's dressing room when Mickey knocked.

"Who's there?" she called. "Oh! Boooo-hooo!"

Then she peeped through the window.

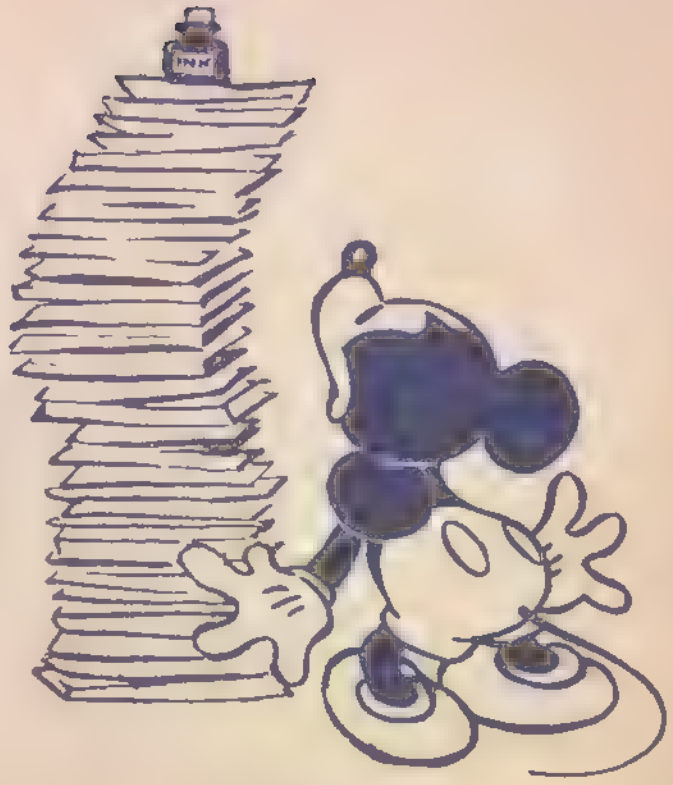
"OH MICKEY!" she cried. "I thought you were eaten. OH! you're so *brave!*"

"Nothing to it!" laughed



Mickey, sitting on the crocodile's back. "I just couldn't kill him. After all a dragon has as much right to live as the rest of us!"

LETTERS to the EDITOR



Dear Mickey:

I didn't start getting your magazine until this month. Before I always read it over my friend's house. I liked The Giant's Tooth. One day I took it to school and the teacher read The Mysterious Moon for science.

Nina Pouring
Farmingdale, N. Y.
Age 9

Dear Mickey:

I am five and one-half years old. I go to kindergarten. My Daddy reads me about Mickey Mouse every night before I go to bed. I like that the best of all.

Arlene Doris Sherer
Binghamton, N. Y.
Age 5½

Dearest Mickey:

I just love your magazine. When I have nothing else to do I run up to my room and get all of my Mickey Mouse Magazines and read them over. I certainly wish I could some other times too. I enjoy them more than anything else.

Patsy Cater
Baytown, Texas
Age 8

Dear Mickey:

I am saving your magazines for my hobby. Donald is just like my pet duck. If I do not get a book because it is all sold out I have to work for it.

Robert Nunes
Paia Maiu
Age 11

Dear Mickey and all:

I live in Panama and have been all over the United States, South America, Europe and Costa Rica. Give my love to all, esp. Donald, Minnie and Pluto.

Carl Brunner, Jr.
Cristobal, Canal Zone
Age 10

Dear Mickey Mouse:

We keep up with your magazine every month and we like it very much. We would like to hear more about the Giant's Tooth.

Barbara Hampton
Age 10
Dolores Hampton
Age 7
Woodbridge, Va.

Dear Mickey:

I read your fine magazine "Mickey Mouse" and I like it very much. I live far from you. I live in Mexico, but as I am studying English my teacher makes me read magazines and I chose yours. Please give my regards to your dear friends Donald and Minnie.

Madel C. Gonzalez
729 S. Monterrey, N. L.
Mexico

Dear Mickey:

Your magazine was a present from my Uncle Joey and I want you to know that it is the best present I ever got.

Bobby Solomon
Baltimore, Md.
Age 7

Dear Mickey:

I liked your play in the last issue very much. I think you are very cute. I am in school now so I guess I better stop before I get caught. I'll write again. Love.

Catherine Deaton
Jacksonville, Fla.

Dear Mickey:

Soon I will be 7 years old. For my birthday ever since I was 5, my uncle has sent a dollar bill to you so the mailman will bring me your magazine for the year. As I am sick in bed with the chickenpox I look at my 24 magazines every day because I like them so much.

Wayne Lortz
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hello, Everybody!

When you write to me, please be wide awake, and don't forget to put your full name, your full address and your full age at the bottom of your letter. Address it plainly to me: Editor, MICKEY MOUSE, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

Your pal,

Mickey

THE PLANET SATURN

By Dorothy Bennett, Assistant Curator, Hayden Planetarium

TEN TIMES as wide as the earth, the sixth planet in the solar system is a billion miles from the sun. At its great distance it requires nearly thirty earth-years to make one revolution around the sun. A person 30 years old on the earth is just 1 year old by Saturn time.

Even though its year is longer, Saturn's day is shorter than the earth's. It turns upon its axis in ten of our hours and two and one-half days go by on Saturn while one day passes on the earth.

Of all the worlds, Saturn is surely the most beautiful. It is such a good reflector of sunlight that it is always bright in our skies and shines with a yellowish light. Through the telescope, one can see a system of rings around it which reflect the sunlight as the planet does. Galileo in 1610 first saw these rings but he did not see them well. Because his telescope was so poor

The unique ring of Saturn—drawings of Saturn showing different phases with respect to its ring. (After Proctor)

the rings appeared like handles or ears to him. In modern telescopes, one can see the faint inner crepe ring, and the two outer rings divided by black Cassini's division. The rings hang 7,000 miles above the planet's equator and extend six times that distance out beyond. They are only about ten miles thick yet 40,000 miles wide! We think they are made of tiny moon particles that move at the same rate and in the same direction, in the plane of the planet's equator.

In addition to the millions of moons in its rings, Saturn has nine large moons like our one. Thousands of eclipses occur in a year on Saturn because of its many satellites.

All over the face of Saturn are banded markings like those on Jupiter—cloud belts in its atmosphere. Methane and ammonia gases are most common in the air of this distant planet so neither people nor plants could live there. Furthermore, it is too cold. Saturn is so far from the sun that it receives very little of the sun's heat. Despite its size, its many moons, its rings and its beauty, Saturn is not as good a planet as our own.

PETER THE FARM DETECTIVE

IT WAS cool in the shade of the apple tree and Watson slept undisturbed until Nosey licked his ear and Peter jabbed his ribs with a fishing rod.

"Wassa matter?" asked Watson starting up. "Man, I can't do no work today. No sir!"

"You're not too lazy to hold onto a fishing rod, are you?" asked Peter, handing one out to him.

"No foolin'," grinned Watson. "I was jes dreamin' 'bout catchin' the biggest fish you ever laid yo eyes on."

"That's about the only way you will catch one, I reckon, *in your sleep!*" laughed Peter.

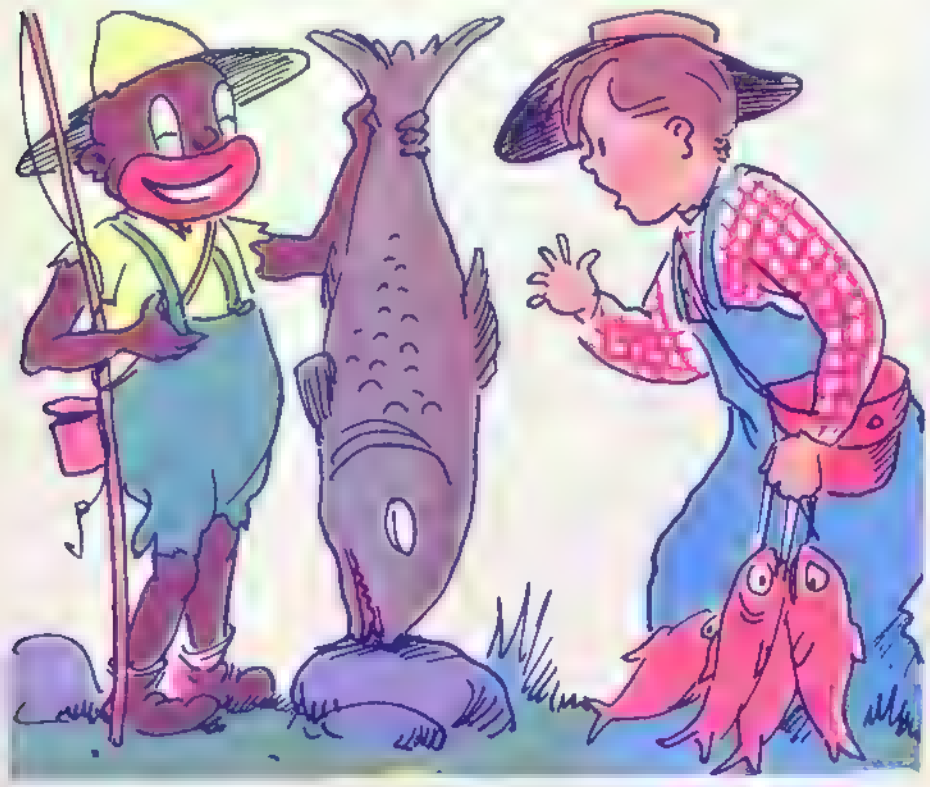
And off they went through the woods until they came to a moist patch of black earth near a spring. Peter unhitched an old tin can from his belt and started to dig. In no time the can was squirming-full of big fat worms.

"This is my private worm garden," he explained airly. "Every true fisherman has his own special kind of bait."

Watson dug up a few worms for himself and stuffed them in his pocket. He looked rather glum. It was discouraging the way Peter always brought home great big fellers and he never caught one, not even a no-account little fish. And at that they managed to nibble all the bait off his hook. He dug his big toe savagely into the soft earth and then a slow smile began to spread around his face.

"Tell yo what," he said. "I bet yo five cents I get da biggest fish today."

"Dreaming again or just feeling lucky?" asked Peter. "All right put up your money. You stay here and keep Nosey to wake you up when that fish comes along. I'll go upstream around the bend."



THE sun was going down when Peter came whistling back and Nosey ran off to meet him. He had a nice string of fish on the end of his rod but his eyes popped when he saw what Watson held up to him.

"Looks like ah's da winner dis time foh sure!" beamed Watson holding out a fish almost as big as himself.

"Jumping bullfrogs!" exclaimed Peter. "How did you land that?"

"Nothin' to it!" said Watson importantly. "Jes pull it in dat's all."

As he came a little closer Peter's nose curled around the edges and he grabbed Watson by the ear.

"You're arrested for FRAUD!" he cried. "That's a codfish and they don't live in streams. Besides, by the smell of it, I'd say it's been a dead fish for a long time!"

"Boys is you smart!" said Watson sheepishly. "Dar ain't nobody what can fool you. No sir! Well, de truth is dat ah got tired a sittin' on dis here bank and me and Nosey took a walk, and our feet jes naturally took us over to de fish store and around to de back where dey always throw away de no-good ones. I took dis one cause it was de biggest. I never heard tell of no codfish being in a stream. But you knows *everything*. It do beat all!"

"That's all right," laughed Peter. "If you've been sitting around with that dead fish for company all afternoon waiting for me to come back, I guess you're punished enough. How's about my buying two nice big ice-cream cones with the nickel you lost and the nickel I won by the end of my nose!"

LAWRENCE *and the* ARABS

FOUR boys rode their bicycles single file along an English country lane. The young Lawrences were going to school. They were dressed alike in jerseys striped with wide bands of blue and white, and they rode in order of age. Bob, the eldest, always went first, and then Ned, Will and Frank.

The second boy, Ned, who had been christened Thomas Edward, was slight and fair. His only claim to fame in those Oxford schooldays was that he was born on August 15, Napoleon's birthday. That was something to be proud of, and Ned very much pitied a friend who was one day older. Was it not far better to share honors with Napoleon than just to be older than a rival classmate?

Ned was an active, outdoor boy. No tree was too high for him to climb, and he loved to explore streams and follow them to their sources. He and his brother, Will, were the best of companions, and they often took canoe and bicycle trips together.

From the time he was a small boy, Ned was interested in digging up bits of ancient pottery, just as an American boy might search for Indian arrowheads. Another of his hobbies was to visit old churches and examine the brass memorials of knights and ladies who had once lived in the neighborhood. Sometimes these brasses have quaint and funny inscriptions on them.

The Lawrence family was not wealthy, and with five boys to educate, for there was a fifth son much younger than the others, the cost of schooling was a problem. But from the time he was twelve, Ned helped out by taking a series of scholarships and fellowships that carried him through college.

It was then that the exciting part of his life began. He decided to go to Syria to visit castles and study architecture because that was the subject of his thesis. He knew a few words of Arabic, and he had a letter from the Turkish Embassy which was supposed to protect him if he got into difficulties.

But it was not a safe-conduct against wandering brigands. Rumor went about that the young Englishman was carrying a valuable watch. It really was a cheap one, but it looked like heavy gold to the Arabs.

One day Lawrence was followed into a lonely place and attacked. It was only by chance that he was not murdered with

his own pistol, but luckily there was a guard on it, and the robber was unable to fire it. So he contented himself with robbing Lawrence, and leaving him there, badly beaten up.

But Ned wasn't one to give in easily. He walked to the next village and routed out the Turkish police. That was a hard thing to do because they were very casual policemen, but when Lawrence insisted on something, he usually got his own way. He made the police search for the man and get back his watch for him.

He afterwards explained that it was not the watch he wanted, but some old Hittite seals that had also been stolen from him.

When he returned to Oxford, Lawrence wrote an excellent thesis about architecture in the Near East. It gained him first-class honors. And soon after, he had the opportunity to go on an expedition sent out to Syria by the British Museum.

DURING these years, digging among ancient ruins, T. E. became famous for his ability to handle the native workmen. Although he was small, he was fearless, and they admired him for the way he would stand up to a man, head and shoulders taller than himself.

At this time, also, he frequently put on Arab dress, and mingled with them. There were so many different tribes and mixed racial groups, that Lawrence's fair complexion and broken Arabic did not surprise the people he met. He could never have passed for a real Arab, he said, but they were willing to accept him as a native.

He made a number of good friends among them, and one summer he took two Arab chiefs

back to Oxford with him. They were very much interested in their new surroundings, but what amazed them most were the bicycles. They learned to ride, using women's models because of their flowing robes, and they startled a British policeman by riding around him in circles. But what they liked best in England were the tiled bathrooms. They thought the polished bricks were very beautiful.

All this appealed to Lawrence's sense of humor, but some of his experiences with the natives were not so funny. Twice when he was spending his holidays wandering around in Arabian costume, he was arrested and forced to serve a short time in the Turkish army. A third time he was imprisoned as a deserting Arab, but he managed to bribe his guards to let him go.

However, even his misfortunes taught him a great deal. He found out how much unrest there was among the Arabs under Turkish rule. Because they were *forced* to fight in the Turkish army, they were ready to desert at the slightest opportunity.

And while Lawrence was acquiring all this information, the

Continued on page 28

Holiday Hobbies

SUMMER time is collecting time. What kind of a collector are you? Well, of course, if you go in for stamps or coins or bottles—yes, there really are bottle collectors—you can follow your hobby all year through. But if you love the out of doors, and want to study the trees and flowers and insects, this is the time to do it.

Perhaps you have met a person who seemed to know the name of every tree he saw. It isn't nearly as hard as it sounds if you have a good pair of eyes. Why not begin with a tree collection?

You can't very well bring home trees of every kind, can you? But you can bring back their leaves. Some of them are so unusual that you won't have any trouble classifying them.

One of these is the leaf of a sugar maple. Others like those of the linden tree, are harder to be sure of.

If you go to your public library, you will be able to find a book with pictures of the different leaves, and you can take your leaves there to identify them. There are also cheap tree-guides for sale in many ten-cent stores.

Before the leaves you have collected wither, it is a good idea to press them. Put each one between two sheets of paper, and lay a heavy weight on top. Leave them overnight, and in the morning they will be ready for mounting.

A scrapbook or a notebook is excellent for mounting your collection. The leaf can be held in place by a narrow strip of paper glued over the stem. Beside it you should write the name of the tree and where you found it—not just the town or state, though that is often interesting, too—but the kind of place, a lawn, a swamp, a field or a forest. Some trees that grow in one type of country will not grow anywhere else.

If you have a camera, you can make your collection still more valuable by taking a snapshot of the tree. When that is printed, mount it on the same page as the leaf. And be careful not to get mixed up if you have taken several pictures on the same day. From these snapshots you will

be able to identify some trees by their shapes. The elm, for instance, is likely to raise her branches high, as if she is trying to reach the clouds with every one of them.

Another note to make in your scrapbook, is the kind of bark the tree has. Is it very rough, fairly rough, or smooth? Is it light or dark in color? Of course, you can recognize the bark of a birch tree, but do you know that of the cherry or the oak?

PERHAPS you would like to use one-half of your scrapbook for a collection of wild flowers. These should be pressed, just as the leaves were. And when you press a flower be sure to press one of its leaves, too. Then the next time you see it, when it isn't in bloom, you will recognize it just the same.

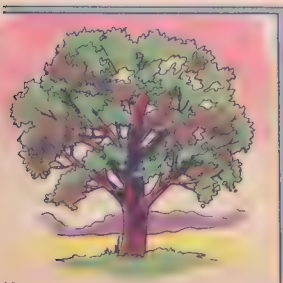
Since the flower may fade a little after it has been pressed, it is a good idea to make a note of its color. It is also interesting to write down the size and height of the plant, and whether it grows in the sun or shade or

whether it likes swampy places. The date that you find each flower ought to be noted, too, because that will help you to remember whether it blooms early or late. You can identify your flowers in the library, just as you did your leaves.

Unless you have a fine camera

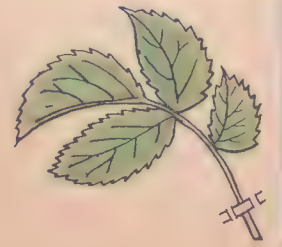
with a very good lens, you will probably not have much luck photographing wild flowers. But if you enjoy art work, you will find that it is great fun to sketch them.

IF YOU are at the seashore, you may enjoy making a collection of all kinds of shells, and looking up the names of the shellfish that used to live in them. But whatever you choose as your hobby, don't forget that you aren't a good collector just because you have a collection, the important thing is to know all about it.



Slippery Elm

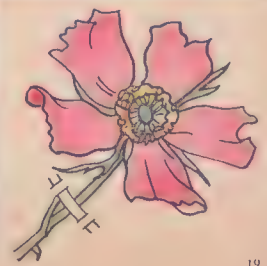
eastern half of the country and south-eastern Canada.



Swamp Rose

Blossoms: JUNE - JULY

Grows on borders of swamps

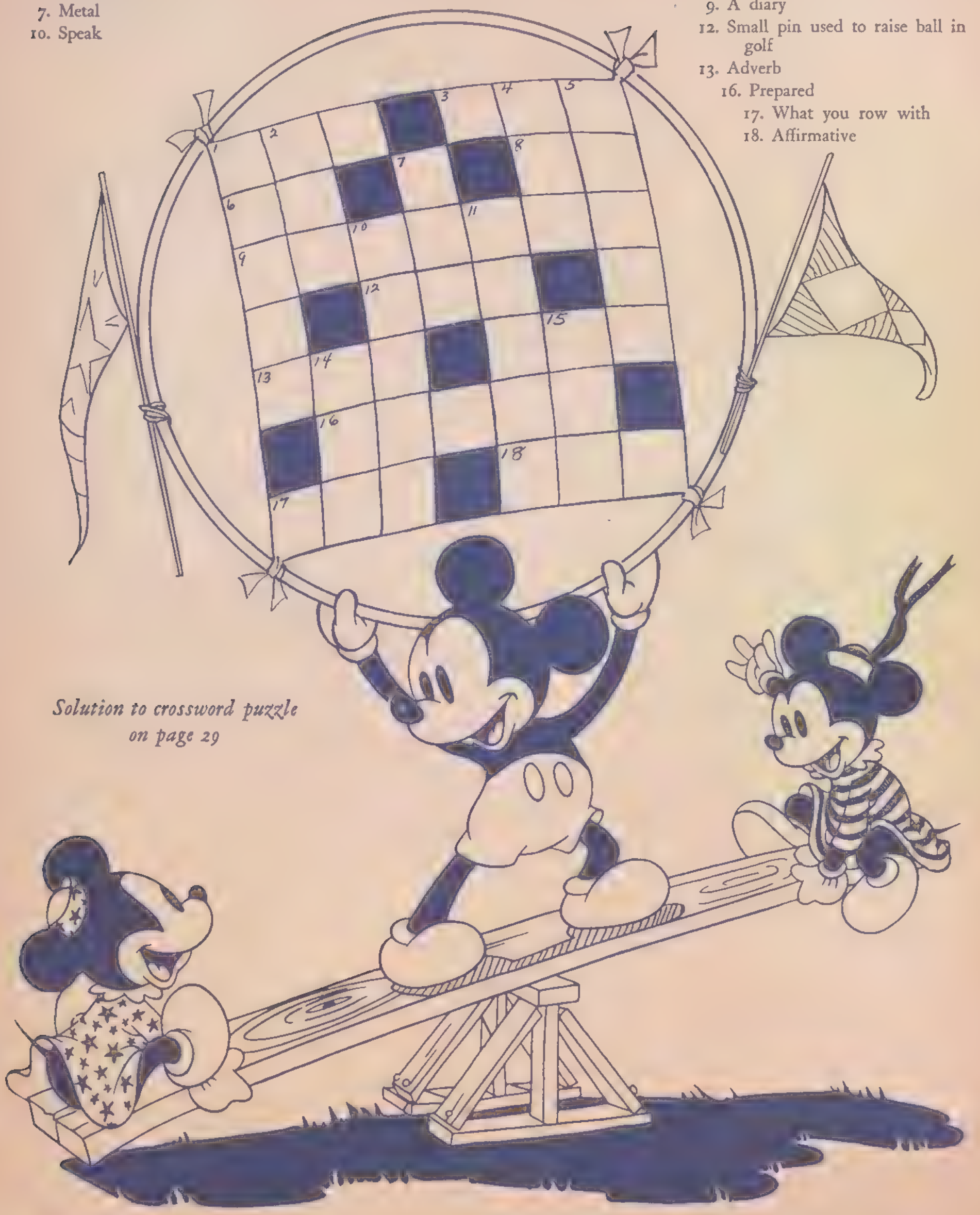


ACROSS

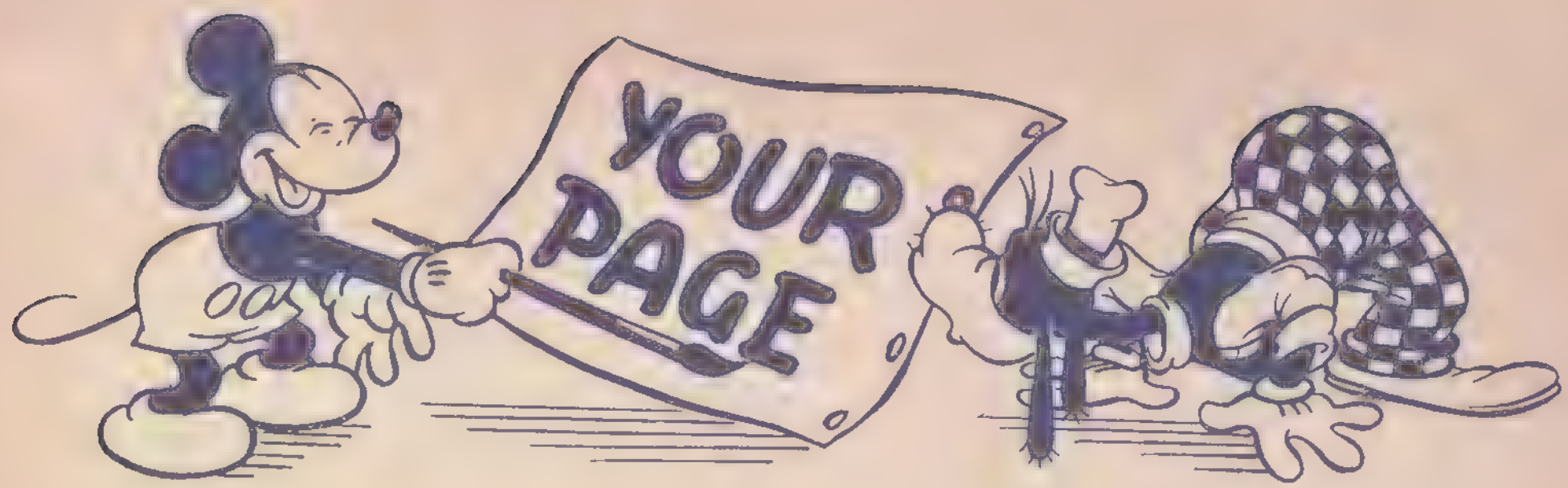
1. Delight in
2. Nickname for girl
4. Exclamation
5. Animal skins
7. Metal
10. Speak
11. In want
14. Epoch
15. What we see with

DOWN

1. An animal like a stag
3. To lick up
6. Negative
8. Pronoun, male
9. A diary
12. Small pin used to raise ball in golf
13. Adverb
16. Prepared
17. What you row with
18. Affirmative



Solution to crossword puzzle on page 29



It is summer!
It is summer!
The grass turns green
The leaves are clean
The sun comes up
The flowers bloom
The storms come soon
It is summer!
It is summer!

Midge Haas
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Age 6

Across the sky in a plane I fly.
Fresh green hills rolling by.
I see a little lamb and his brother
Wandering about with their wooly mother.
Little girls and little boys
Look as small as tiny toys.

Martha Roberts
Minneapolis, Minn.
Age 8

Mexican boy's clothes are all white
and though his feet are bare,
He always wears a wide brimmed hat,
upon his straight black hair.

Clorette Brown
Camp Springs, Texas
Age 11

Carol Anne Crocker
Kingston, Pa.
Age 7

A book is like a world to me
With many different things to see.
You never know just what will hide
Upon its pages deep inside.

It may be the tale of a fearless knight
Who, for his King, won many a fight.
It may tell of the olden days
Or of the Indians and their ways.

So take a book and read it through.
It has a story just for you.
All kinds of different stories hide
Upon its pages deep inside.

Irma Goldstein
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Age 13

Mexico, a country in North America, is very interesting. Here the men wear bright scarfs which are called serapes. The women wear bright colors with black shawls.

In the evening they sing Mexican songs to enjoy themselves. They have bright little shops with handkerchief scarfs, pillows! aprons and laces. Most of these they make by hand.

Mary McLaughlin
Brawley, California
Age 11

The leaves are falling all around.
Some are red, and some are brown.
They fall like fairies to the ground
Then they skip and dance around.

Sarah Etta Thornton
Sylacuaga, Ala.
Age 8

Ruth Saunders
Edmonton, Alberta
Canada
Age 12

KINGFISHER

Continued from page 9

It was the otter, merciless queen of the night stream.

The water flowed and sang. Now and then its sweet song was interrupted: plock! plock! a fish jumped to gobble a night moth; a water rat dove.

The morning star paled.

Day dawned.

But what had happened today? The King was fishing all alone! He ate nothing at all and flew off towards his nest with a fish in his mouth. Ah! Now we know that the Queen is sitting on her eggs. She would not leave those precious little white eggs for one instant. And it is very tiring, sitting in the dark in one place without moving, while outside the sun shines and the water ripples.

But she never complained. Her King looked after her. For a "yes" or a "no" he came to see her, and in his long beak there was always a delicate morsel for the beak of his Queen; a gudgeon, a whitebait, a dragon-fly, a little trout.

"Keek, kek!"

Always he announced his arrival that way, to reassure the Queen. And radiant with joy, she replied:

"Keek, keek, keek!"

They shared the fish together, caressed and were full of sweet things to say to one another.

Then off went the King to fish, and right back again, and off again, and back again, until dark! And so it went for fifteen days.

On the sixteenth day he didn't fish at all but from the waterfall to the mill one saw only the King. Never had he flown so much. He passed back and forth over the little white bridge, from one bank to the other, catching a dragon-fly here, a fly there.

Flies!

Dragon-flies!

But, of course . . . the little kingfishers were hatched! Fish is no food for a baby. Even dragon-flies, and flies and mosquitoes must be prepared; the King pulled off their wings so they wouldn't choke the little ones.

They slept, eight little kingfishers, in their cradle of fishbones, which smelled so sweetly of fish. The first days they spent underground, crawling around like worms. How ugly they were, all bristly with black needles. But soon they would come out of that dark nest to see the light of day and hear the song of the stream; and those ugly black needles would be replaced by brilliant plumage. When they could fly and fish for themselves, they would be off and away, leaving their parents for a free life between the sky and the water, less blue than their wings.

Many changes, even more surprising still, were to take place under the summer's sun.

At the bottom of the stream, the water was heavy and troubled where thousands and thousands of hideous little grubs squirmed in the mud.

Those poor grubs had lived there for a thousand days.

A thousand days in the mud! And at last the thousand and one day had arrived. Ever since morning they had been stirred up. They moved about, going and coming, as though they had an urgent message to deliver.

Slowly the sun slipped down the sky. And suddenly, as though some mysterious voice had given the command, they rose all at once to the surface of the water, and hid among the reeds. They breathed greedily and stayed there as though they were stunned. Their flat bodies swelled and swelled, until their delicate skins tore and fell off into the water.

From the reeds rose a swarm of day-flies, lighter than a breath. They danced, balancing on their gossamer wings, rising, falling, rising again and again in a dazzling ballet.

For a thousand days they had awaited this radiant moment.

The sun sank low below the horizon. Once more the day-flies shot toward the sky. Then . . . down they fell, and died. The stream was strewn with little transparent wings, and a thousand fishes' mouths opened to devour this manna fallen from heaven.

The water flowed, sang, and kept no trace of the day-flies. But among the reeds were millions of little eggs which they left before they died. They fell into the mud and next spring they would hatch young ones who would in turn wait patiently a thousand days a voice calling them toward the sky.

So life changes. Animals and plants, everything changes all along the stream. Leaves turn yellow. The water turns cold. Winter comes and spring chases it away; seasons follow one another; time passes.

And still the King and Queen were there. Their reflections blurred together in one spot of blue in the mirror of the stream, as in their lives.

How much water had passed under the little white bridge since first they came!

Six years had passed since they began to reign over the valley, living for one another, sharing joys and sorrows, loving one another as in the very first days. Often, when the autumn rains troubled the stream and they couldn't fish, they were hungry. Then, if the King found anything

Continued on page 26

BOOK REVIEW

"WHAT would you do if we told you we had hidden a sack of gold in your school room?" ask the authors of *Children's Picture Dictionary* in an open letter to Boys and Girls.

"We know you would hunt for it. Wouldn't it be fun? In this book we have hidden many words. They are like gold for they will help you when you need them. You will want these words for your word friends. Hunt for them as you would for gold.

They will help you read;
They will help you spell;
They will help you write
And say things well."

A DICTIONARY for a very young child—for his very own! Of course it isn't the same kind of a dictionary a grown-up uses, but a new kind planned so that the "learning-to-read" child may use it with the same zest with which he listens to the stories that are read to him.

There are 4832 words and their variants in this dictionary. Each word is both printed and written, and is illustrated with a picture and a descriptive sentence.

As soon as the child has learned his alphabet and can read a few rudimentary words, he is able and ready to use this book. He will be able to look up for himself all the words he doesn't know in picture-story books and first, second and third grade readers, and discover their meaning—*in words he does understand.*

Thus he will not only increase his vocabulary but "on his own" will discover the real adventure in words and in reading. And he will be having fun while he does it.

So, very early in life the dictionary habit will be formed pleasantly and easily. As he outgrows this book he will automatically want to use more advanced books of reference, for the habit will have been established.

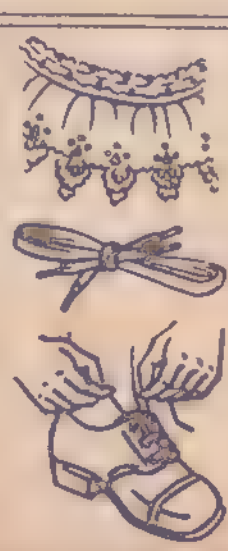
And his parents and teachers will discover that contrary to the old beliefs—dictionaries can be fun!

L l L l

lace

lace

lace



This is lace for a dress.

This is a shoe lace. string.

The boy laces his shoes with a shoe lace.

(laces laced lacing)

CHILDREN'S PICTURE DICTIONARY, by Garnette Watters and S. A. Courtis, is published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York City, and costs $1.00.

ALL of the thousands of children who have loved the other "Maida" books will joyously welcome this brand new story of the further adventures of this rollicking crowd of happy children.

Great is the joy of the Big Eight when Maida's father takes them all for a vacation trip to Maida's Little Island, called *Spectacles* because it is shaped like a huge pair of glasses.

Exploring the island provides endless fun and fascination but the great adventures are the thrilling capture of an anaconda, escaped on its way to the Boston Zoo, and the finding of a real buried treasure.

MAIDA'S LITTLE ISLAND, by Inez Haynes Irwin, is published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York City, and costs fifty cents.

Wise Quacks

Edited by DONALD DUCK

One night when little Johnny was about to say his prayers, he asked his mother, "What are prayers?"

"Prayers are little messages to God," his mother said.

"But, mamma," asked Johnny, "why do we always send them at night—to get cheaper rates?"

Billy Doty
Binghamton, N. Y.
Age 10

Teacher: What are the principal uses of cowhide?

Little boy, after thinking a moment: To hold the cow together.

Billy Mills
Winnipeg, Man., Can.
Age 10

A little girl went to see a baseball game with her brother. "Isn't that pitcher wonderful," she cried. "He hits their bats every time, no matter how they hold them!"

Donna Lou Lien
Merryfield, N. D.
Age 13

Tommy: Please give me another box of pills like my mother ordered yesterday.

Druggist: Has your mother taken them all?

Tommy: No—but they just fit my air-gun.

Daniel Dalesio
Long Island City, N. Y.
Age 12

Bob: How did you get your arm broken?

Jimmy: See those steps over there?

Bob: Yes.

Jimmy: Well, I didn't.

Marie Novy
Bronx, New York
Age 11

Barbara: What's a Tenderfoot?

Girl Scout: Before you become a full-fledged Girl Scout, you have to take a Tenderfoot test.

Barbara: Can I be a Girl Scout? I heard mother say I had tender feet!

Peggy Novick
West Palm Beach, Fla.
Age 11

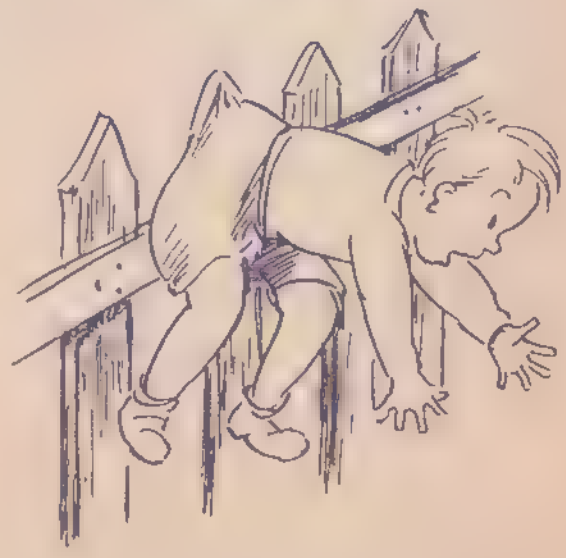
Tim: Where have you been Elmer?

Elmer: Fishing.

Tim: Did you catch anything?

Elmer: Don't know. Haven't been home yet!

Vance Wheeler, Jr.
Goodwater, Ala.
Age 10



Girl: What is the matter? Can't you get over the fence?

Boy: Yes, I can get over but I can't get my pants over.

Ralph T. Stack
Greensboro, N. C.
Age 10

Farmer: Whoa there gal—unless of course you want to look like a fire horse.

Jacqueline Apperson
Redding, Calif.
Age 11

Boy: Has your paper been graded?

Girl: The absent-minded professor marked 90 on my forehead and kissed my paper instead.

Dionisio Friolo
Caridad, Cavite, P. I.

Send your joke in today—which is your permission for us to print it—and don't forget to give your name, address and age. You may win a prize! Address your letter to DONALD DUCK, Editor, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

Continued from page 23

to eat he gave it to the Queen. Several times the winter imprisoned the stream in an ice-bound cage. They broke through the ice with their beaks at first, but twice the water froze all the way down. So they flew away to a warmer region, but they always came back, and every spring they raised a new family that left them in the fall.

IT WAS a foggy day in autumn when the King fell ill, alas! Sadly we watched the little yellow leaves being carried away by the stream, when a pitiful cry filled the air.

"Kix, kix!"

The King was there, perched on a low branch not far away.

"Kix, kix!"

It was the cry of the kingfishers in distress. His eyes, his feathers, didn't shine any more. The Queen brought a tender little rudd, but the King barely touched it with his beak. And again he cried:

"Kix, kix!"

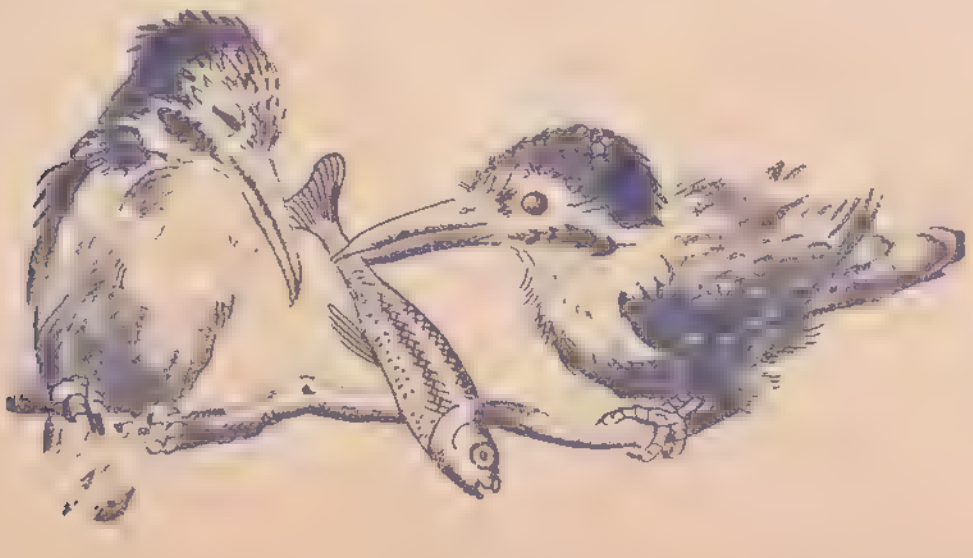
Poor Queen! She didn't know what to do. She perched beside him and tore the fish with her beak, putting tiny pieces into the beak of her King.

"Kix, kix!"

For three more days the King tried to hold himself on the branch but he could no longer. The Queen pressed close to him, beating her wings and making little mournful cries. Gently, gently, she lifted the king and slipped her body under his. At last she managed to raise him on her back and flew down from the branch carrying her precious burden, tottering, staggering, fluttering; she fell, caught herself up and disappeared through the drooping branches of the willows.

One morning we found the King on the ground by the stream. He didn't move. Never any more would those sapphire wings open! We dug a little hole near the stream and spread a fern and a few small leaves on the bottom, and then gently we laid the King on this flowery bed and put back the earth.

A few days later we heard the same pitiful cry:



"Kix, kix!"

We couldn't see the Queen but we knew it was she who cried. The love and constancy of the little kingfishers is such that if one dies, the other cannot survive. They stay alone, without flying or eating, until at last their little hearts stop beating. And so it was with the Queen. For four or five days we heard her:

"Kix, kix!"

And then nothing more.

We looked, looked everywhere, by the old willow, among the reeds, in the ferns, near the mill, under the alders, and at last, at the foot of the little cliff, we found the blue form of the Queen. So we buried her in the same little grave we had dug a

few days before. Nowhere would she rest so well as beside her King on the bank of their stream.

THE following spring we came back to the little white bridge. From afar we could see a large mirror of water. What a surprise! The whole valley was flooded. The stream had overflowed its banks.

Never before had it been so gay. Never before had it run so fast. And the whole sky was mirrored so that it almost seemed that little white clouds were running along the land. Grey catkins hung from the willow branches and little buttons of gold sparkled all over.

In the middle of this young new life, we thought sadly of the kingfishers, when, all of a sudden, frrr! frrr! like a flash two pairs of blue wings passed under the bridge, skimming the surface of the water. Two kingfishers of a brilliant blue perched on a branch. Perhaps they were the children of the King and Queen returning to their native stream. We couldn't be sure but we were happy to see life beginning again.

The stream lost itself in a large river which in turn disappeared in the ocean, but there was always water in the stream.

The day-flies of last summer were dead, but in a thousand days, a cloud of transparent wings would rise above the reeds and again dance their dance of a day under the blue sky.

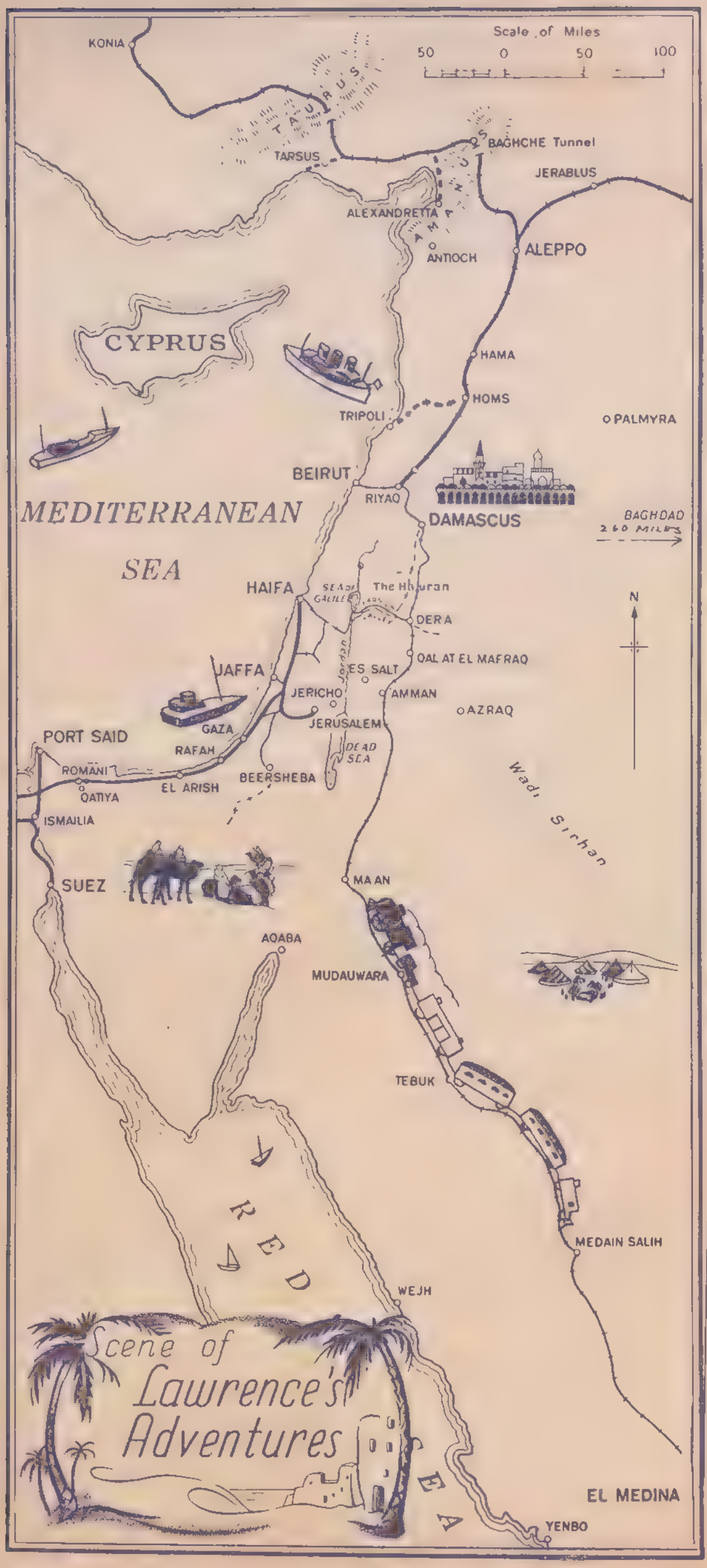
The King and Queen were sleeping under the ground but they had lived happily, and now two new kingfishers had come to live here happily.

Frrrr! Frrrr! to the mill.

Frrrr! Frrrr! to the waterfall.

All was blue on this beautiful day of spring: the sky, the water, and those four wings, more blue than the heavens.

And the water flowed and sang.



LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

Continued from page 17

World War broke out in Europe. He hurried home to enlist. Perhaps he and Napoleon had something in common after all. But no, the army turned him down. He was too small, they said. He wouldn't be any use as a soldier.

So Lawrence returned to his digging in Syria. And as time went on, it became more and more clear that the war was not to be fought in the west alone. England had Egypt to protect, so she called together all those who knew how the land lay in the Near East. This time T. E. was accepted for service in Egypt.

Again and again, as he listened to discussions of the campaign, Lawrence thought of the Arabs' restless. They had made one successful revolt against the Turks. If they had a leader, who could hold all the tribes together, they might carry on a real war that would be of great benefit to England.

The British staff saw the possibilities of such a revolt, too, and they decided to send someone out to investigate. They did not choose Lawrence for the job, but he went along anyway. He was beginning to work out a plan.

He didn't expect to ride out on his camel and have all the Arabs follow him. His idea was to find an Arab chief who was an inspiring man and a good leader. Then the two of them could work together. The plan worked perfectly.

For one thing, Lawrence knew the Arabs, their customs and their temperament. He also knew the country, and he had studied military tactics on his own, just for the fun of it. He

saw at once that you could not make a disciplined army out of the independent chiefs of the desert, so he planned a campaign that was suited to them.

They were to use a hit and run method of fighting, making an attack, and then riding off to strike again suddenly in an unexpected place. They could move the whole army easily and quickly, because they were not hampered by supply trains. Each man carried his own food on his own camel.

When the supply gave out, there were two ways of replenishing it, either by dynamiting a Turkish supply train, or by capturing a fort or city. Dynamiting trains was the method Lawrence found most successful.

The Turkish railway had a single track through the desert. Lawrence planted the explosives, and then rested some distance away, waiting to touch off the fuse. He had to time his job perfectly so that the engine would be blown up, otherwise it would rush off to the next station to get help.

As soon as the dynamite had exploded, the Arabs would swarm down and steal the supplies. After the war was over, someone asked Lawrence why he always dynamited the trains himself. "Oh," he explained, "it was too dangerous to let anyone else do it."

Another of Lawrence's schemes was to treat Turkish prisoners kindly. He knew how readily news travels across the desert, and he thought that a lot of dissatisfied soldiers would allow themselves to be taken prisoner, if they thought they would not be harmed by the enemy. This scheme worked well, too.

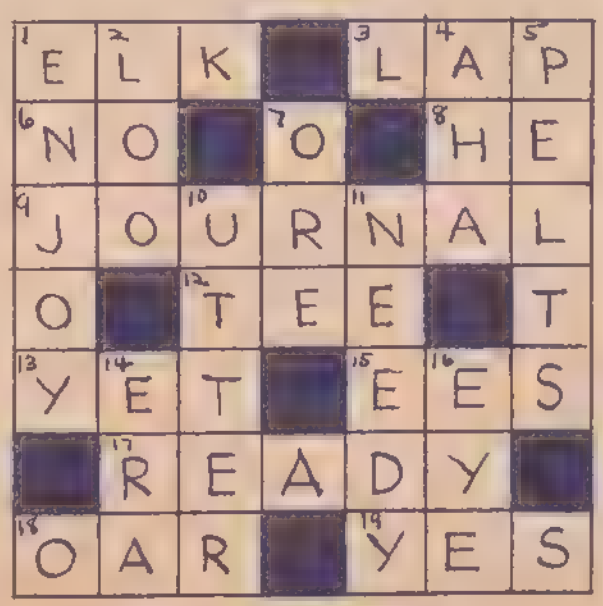
For a long time no one except the British generals knew who Lawrence was, and what he was doing. Rumors went about that a foreigner was leading the Arab Revolt, but on the whole, T. E. was unknown until after the war. He was called the *mystery man.*

In spite of the fact that the British army had once rejected him, they recognized his military skill and he was made a colonel. He was also offered many honors which he refused.

When the fighting was over, he returned to England, and tried not to profit in any way by his reputation. Twice he changed his name, calling himself Ross and Shaw, and endeavoring to lead the life of an ordinary British subject. But his identity was always discovered. It was in an attempt to flee from reporters that he lost his life in a motorcycle accident.

Probably no one who lived in this century has had more stories circulated about him than Lawrence. So many of them were untrue, that it is hard to know which ones to believe, especially since T. E. was often amused by them and made no effort to contradict false reports.

"History isn't made up of truth anyhow," he laughed, "so why worry?" Perhaps there were moments when he rather enjoyed being a man of mystery.



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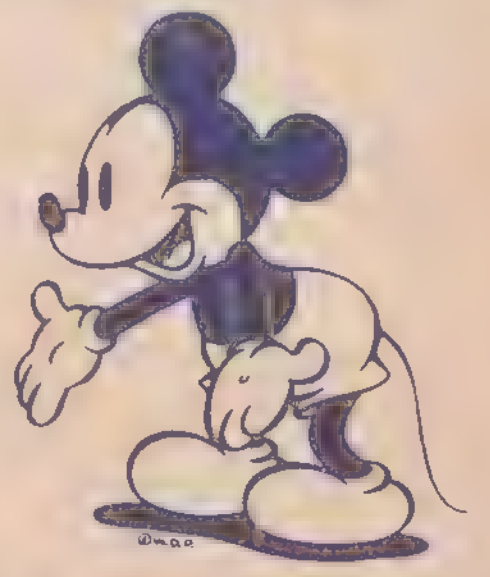

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PLUTO THE PUP

?

DOG RACES TODAY

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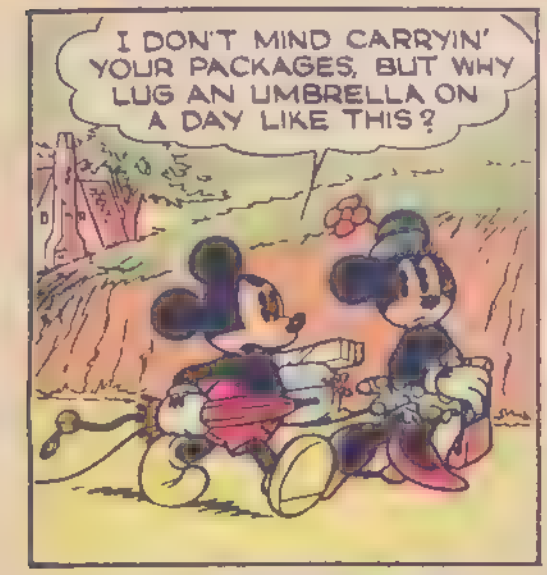
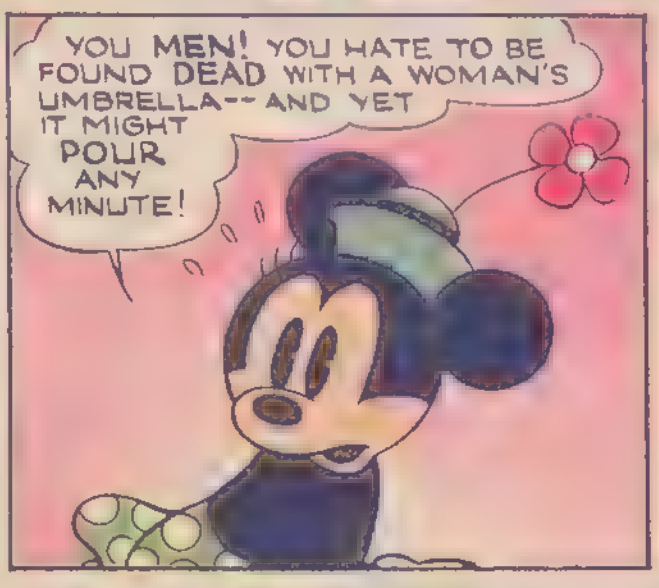
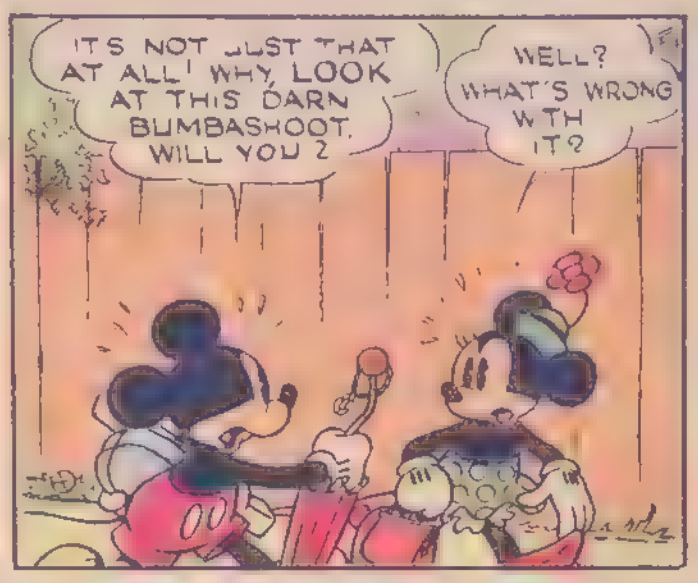
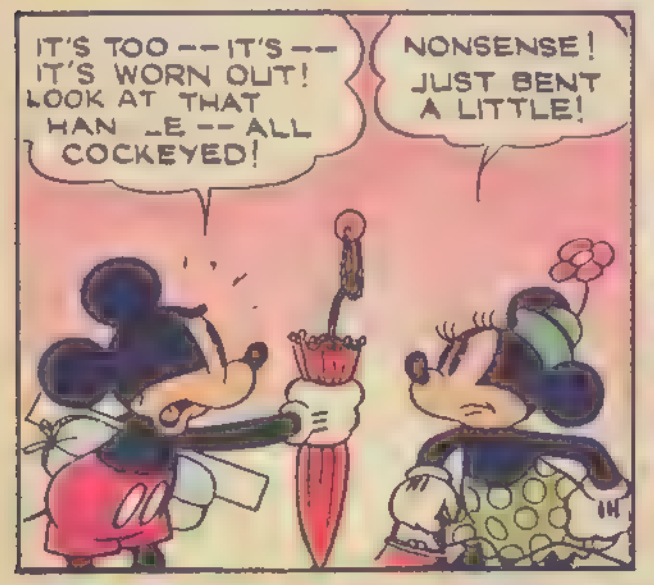
WALT DISNEY-o

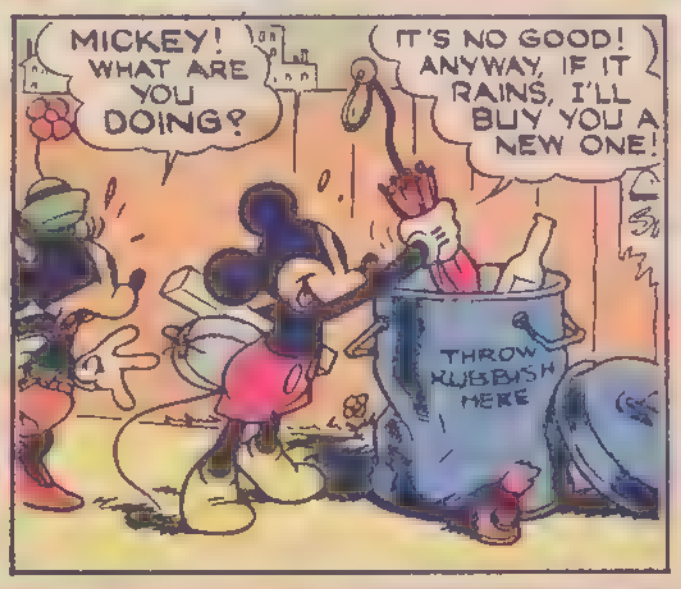
MINNIE MOUSE

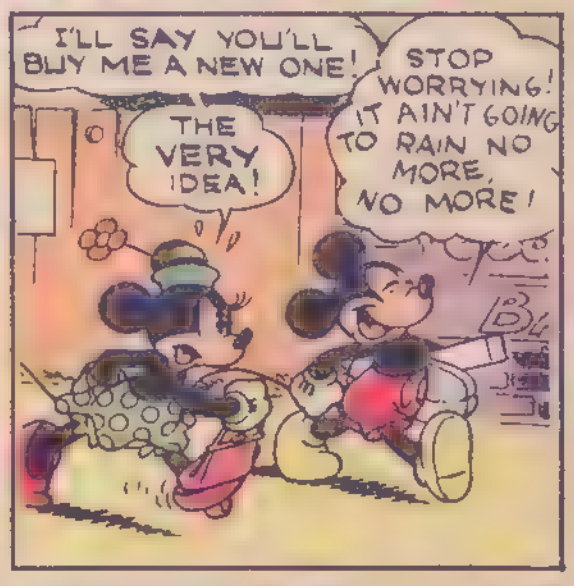


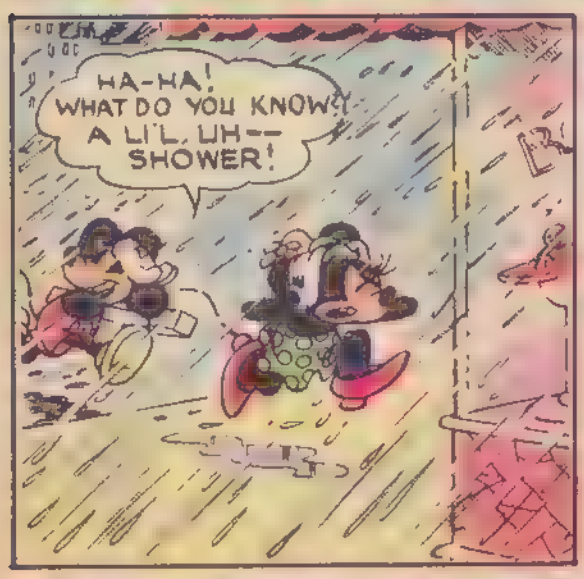


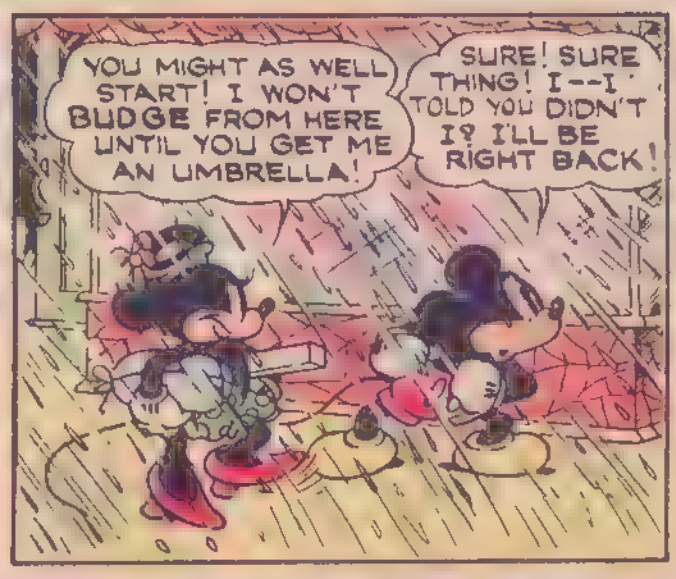


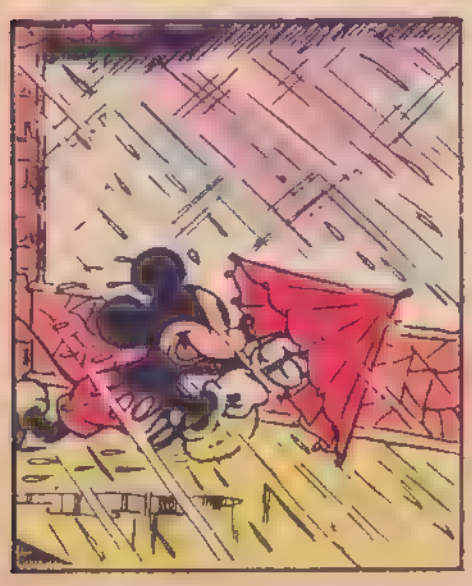


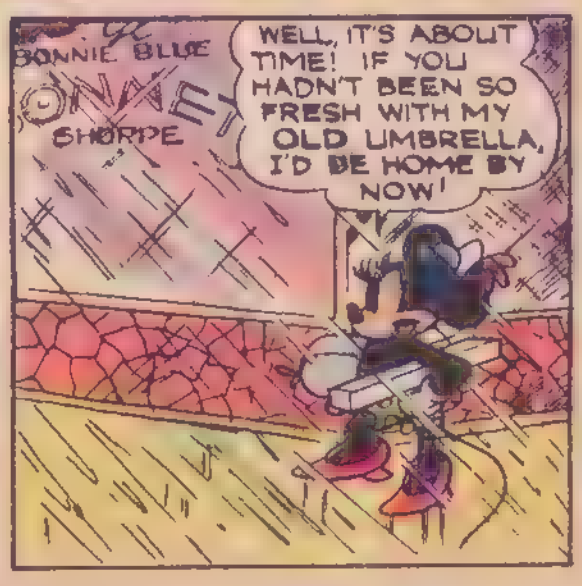


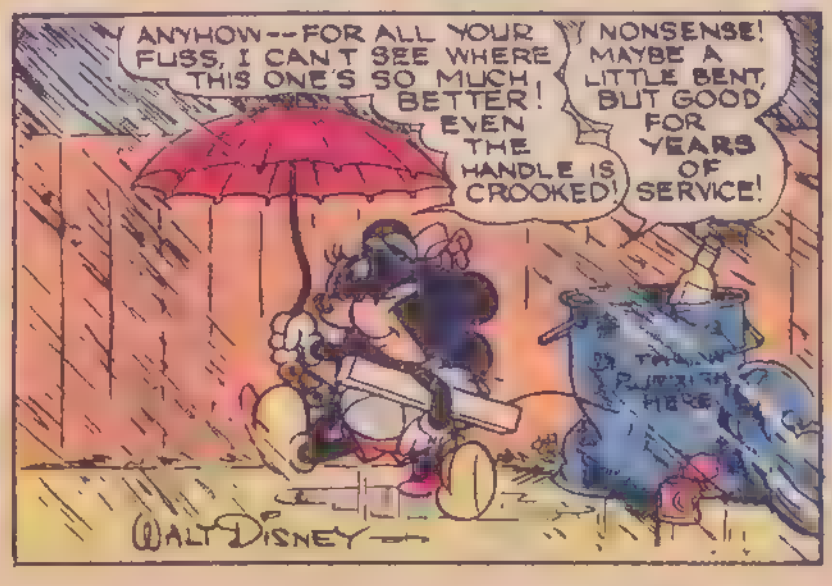





YOU MIGHT AS WELL START! I WON'T BUDGE FROM HERE UNTIL YOU GET ME AN UMBRELLA!
SURE! SURE THING! I--I TOLD YOU DIDN'T I? I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!





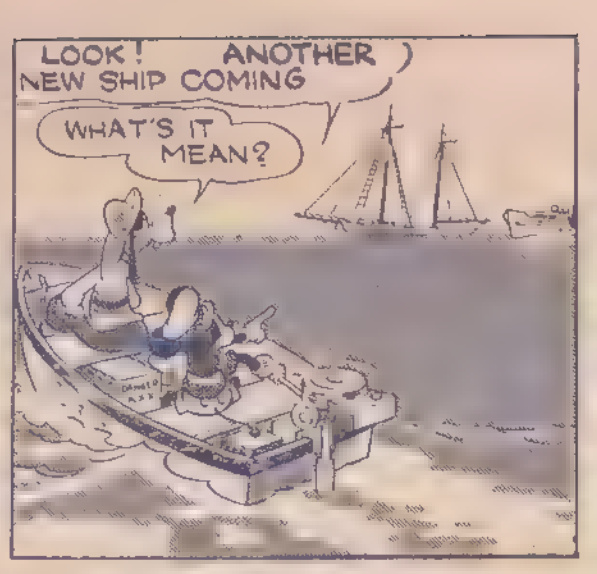

ANYHOW -- FOR ALL YOUR FUSS, I CAN'T SEE WHERE THIS ONE'S SO MUCH BETTER! EVEN THE HANDLE IS CROOKED!
NONSENSE! MAYBE A LITTLE BENT, BUT GOOD FOR YEARS OF SERVICE!
WALT DISNEY

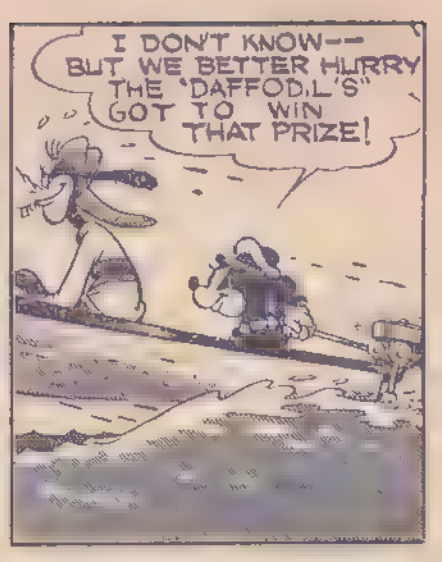
MICKEY MOUSE

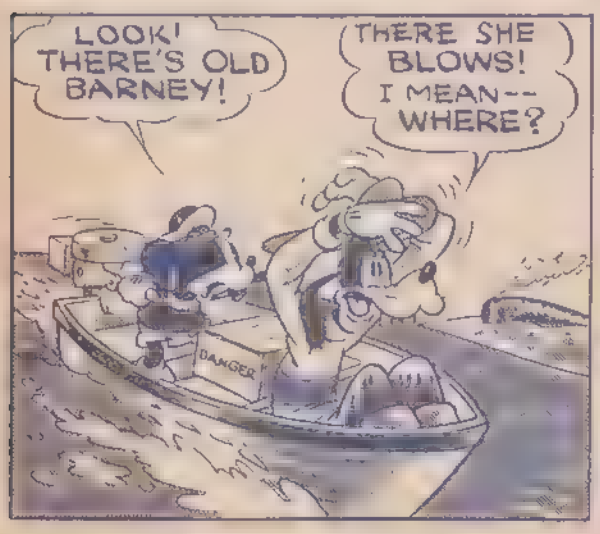
by

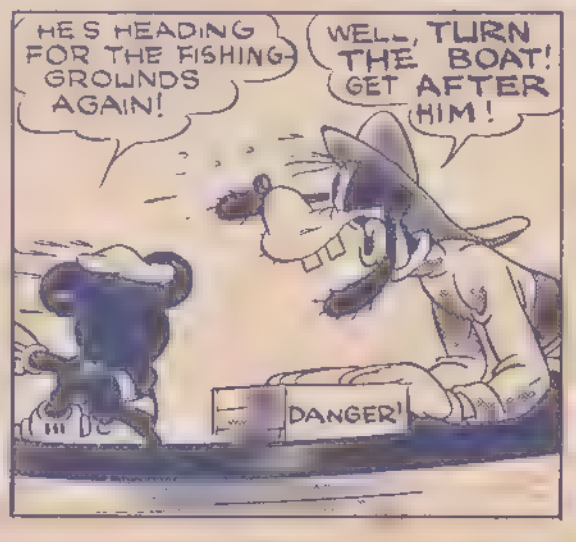
WALT DISNEY

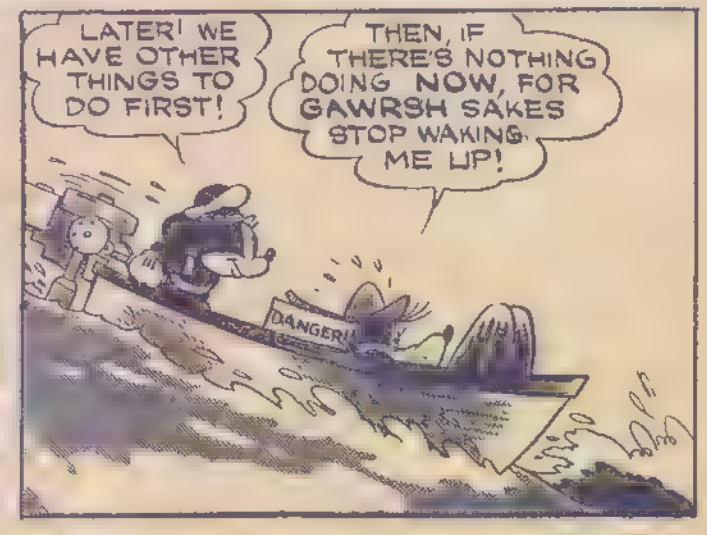
MICKEY AND GOOFY SET OUT IN A DORY EQUIPPED WITH AN OUTBOARD MOTOR. MICKEY HAS A SECRET PLAN THAT HE EXPECTS WILL SETTLE THE WHALE PROBLEM FOR GOOD.

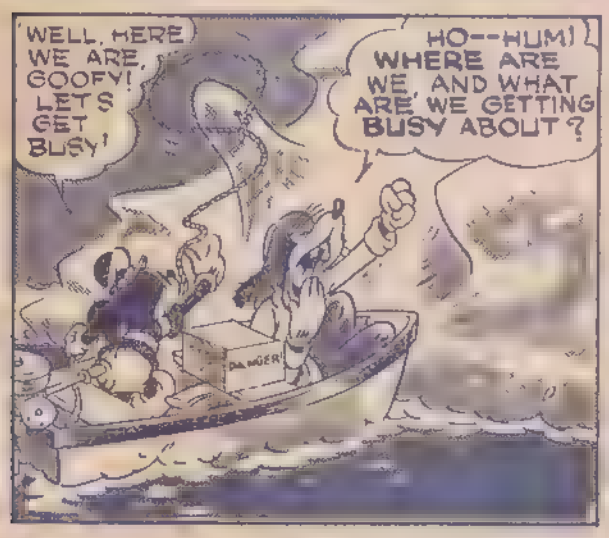


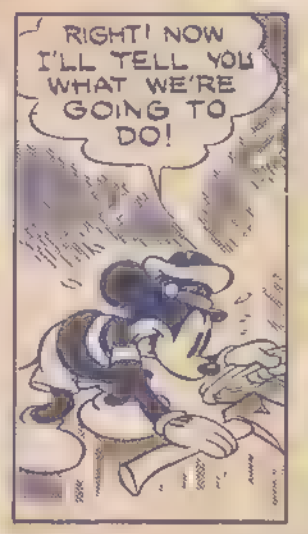


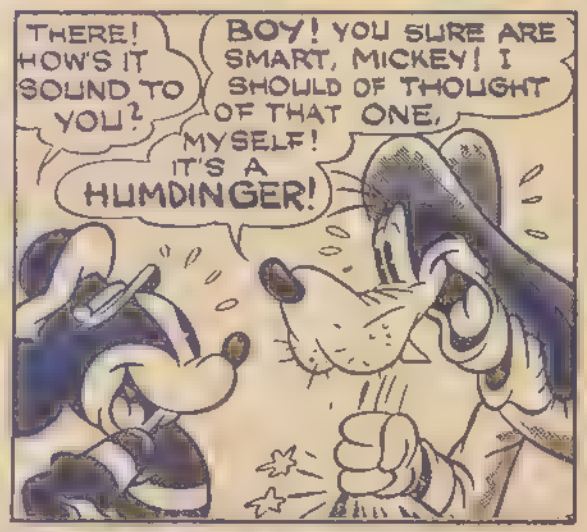




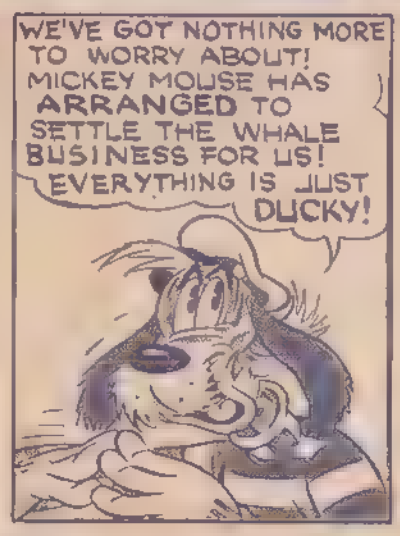




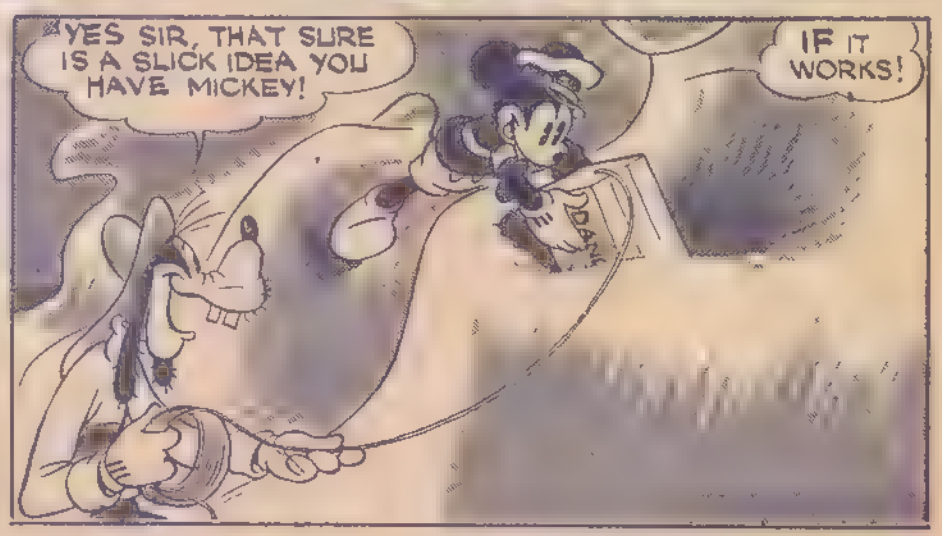


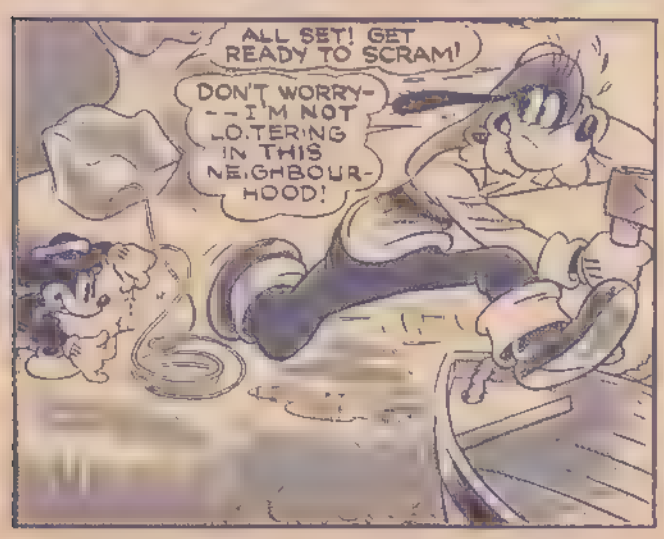


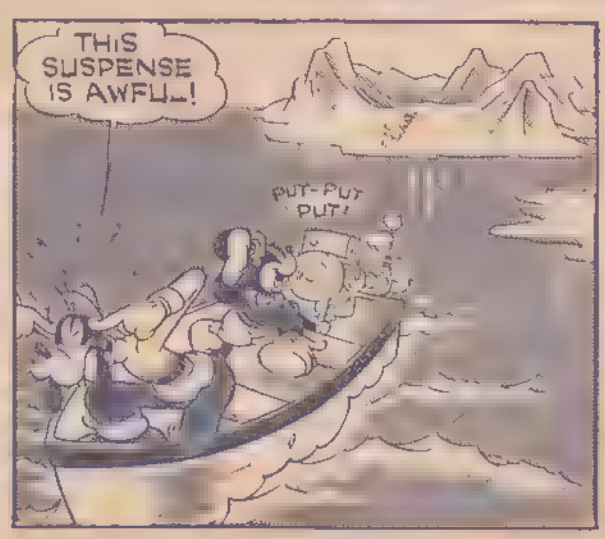
THE "DAFFODIL'S" DISGRUNTLED CREW PUZZLES OVER THE NEW SHIP THAT HAS JOINED THE FLEET.


WE'VE GOT NOTHING MORE TO WORRY ABOUT! MICKEY MOUSE HAS ARRANGED TO SETTLE THE WHALE BUSINESS FOR US! EVERYTHING IS JUST DUCKY!

ARMED WITH DYNAMITE, MICKEY AND GOOFY ARRIVE AT THE ICEBERG WHERE THEY HAVE SEEN THE FEMALE WHALE IMPRISONED.







YIPPEE! SHE'S LOOSE!
HOT DOG !
PRRRRRR-RR!!
EVERYTHING HAS WORKED FINE---SO FAR!
YEP! THE LITTLE GAL'S TAGGING RIGHT ALONG AFTER US!
I ONLY HOPE WE'LL FIND OLD BARNEY AT THE FISHING-GROUNDS!
IT'S A CINCH! WE SAW HIM HEADING FOR IT!
THE ONLY THING I CAN'T FIGURE IS HOW YOU KNEW THIS LADY
THAT'S EASY! SHE S BEEN LOCKED IN THAT ICEBERG A LONG TIME
WHALE WOULD FOLLOW US !
AND SHE S MIGHTY HUNGRY---
---SHE WANTS TO EAT US!
I CAN SEE THE FISHING BOATS 'WAY AHEAD!
THE HECK WITH THEM! WHERE'S OLD BARNEY?
THERE HE IS! ALMOST TO THE BOATS!
OOMPAH-PAH!
GOOD GOSH! EVERY SECOND COUNTS NOW!
UP ANCHOR! GET MOVING, YOU SCUM! THE TIME HAS COME!
ORCA
OOM-PAH--- WUMPH?
WE MADE IT, MICKEY!
DAREN'T STOP! SHE'S RIGHT BEHIND US!
MICKEY'S DARING PLAN SEEMS TO BE WORKING. HE HAS BROUGHT THE LADY WHALE TO OLD BARNEY'S
ATTENTION AND IT LOOKS LIKE LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT!
TOODLE-OODLE-OOPS! PA-PAH?
OOMP! BA-BEE!
OH, MY GAWRSH! THE "ORCA'S" COMING! PEG-LEG PETE'LL GET BOTH OF THEM!
HAW-HAW! TWO WHALES, EH? WELL, THAT'S ALL RIGHT— THE OLD TIME BOMB WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM BOTH!
BANG!!
ORCA
WELL, I'LL BE A BLINKING SO-AND-SO!
HEY! WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU ARE SHOOTING?
ORCA
BANG

TIMID ELMER

ELMER ELEPHANT, LAUGHING-STOCK OF JUNGLE VILLAGE, RUNS AWAY FROM THE JEERS OF "FRAIDYCAT!" HE MEETS AN OLD GIRAFFE, A WISE AND KINDLY PHILOSOPHER.

JUST WHAT'S YOUR TROUBLE, SON? RUNNING AWAY FROM SOMETHING WEREN'T YOU?

NO--NO! I WASN'T RUNNING FROM ANYTHING!

OH, HO! RUNNING AWAY FROM NOTHING HEY? THAT'S A HEAP SIGHT WORSE!

NO, I DIDN'T MEAN THAT! I MEAN--- MAYBE I WAS!

I WAS AFRAID! I'M ALWAYS AFRAID ---OF PEOPLE--- AND THINGS AND ---AND--- GOSH! I'M EVEN SCARED OF NOISES!

HM-M-M! THAT'S BAD MIGHTY, MIGHT-EE BAD! A HUSKY YOUNG FELLER LIKE YOU SHOULDN'T BE AFRAID

SUPPOSING YOU TELL ME ABOUT SOMETHING OR SOMEBODY YOU ARE PARTICULARLY AFRAID OF.

WELL-UH--THERE'S GOOCH GORILLA! HE'S AWFUL STRONG AND TOUGH!

AND HE STOLE MY GIRL, TILLIE! SHE WAS ALWAYS MY GIRL, TOO!

IS THAT SO? AND THEN SHE LET YOU DOWN, HEY? FUNNY FOLKS, GALS IS! I'VE OFTEN NOTICED IT!

SHE HAD NO REASON, I SUPPOSE?

NO! UH-THAT IS--I GUESS SHE THINKS --I'M A COWARD!

AND IT'S TRUE! I AM A COWARD! I AM!

HOLD ON! HOLD ON, THERE, SON! YOU COULD BE BRAVE AS A LION IF YOU KNEW HOW!

AND I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW FOLLOW ME, SON!

DO YOU SEE THIS? KNOW WHAT IT IS?

WHY--WHY, IT'S JUST AN ACORN!

JUST AN ACORN, YOU SAY? THIS HERE ACORN'S GOT MAGIC PROPERTIES! WHOEVER CARRIES IT CAN LICK HIS WEIGHT IN WILDCATS!

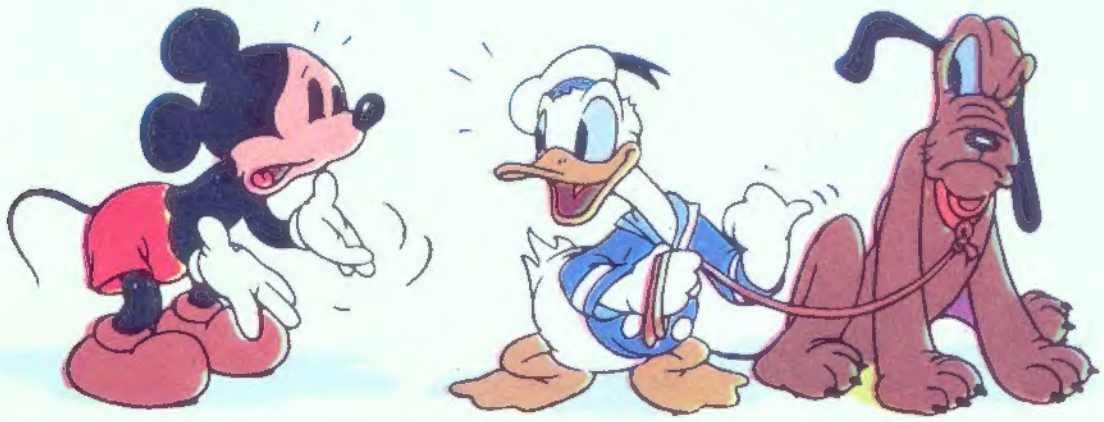
HONEST? AND IT'S FOR ME?

WHOA, THERE! SET DOWN, SON! IF YOU CARRIED THIS YOU WOULD BE A MIGHTY DANGEROUS CHARACTER! MAY BE YOU AREN'T SAFE TO TRUST WITH IT!

CONTINUED.

WALT DISNEY STORY BOOKS

What the Stories are About



DONALD DUCK AND HIS FRIENDS

TOLD by JEAN AYER. From Mickey and Donald's meeting with Hortense the ostrich, to the finish of Donald's lucky-unlucky day, these stories have gaiety, humor, and suspense. Not all of Donald's and Mickey's enterprises meet with the success of the adventure with the fire engine: Goofy spoiled their sport as boatbuilders, Pluto balked at the dog show, and Donald the Explorer had a bad time with the penguins. But it's all good fun, especially to the lucky children who read these stories.

MICKEY NEVER FAILS

TOLD by ROBIN PALMER. Mickey fell in love at first sight with the new house. It had an oil burner, a cellar playroom and a tiled kitchen. Minnie didn't care so much for the house at first; she wanted a crocodile. When she came to live in Mickey's house with Aunt Matilda and Morty and Monty, there were plenty of chances for Mickey to show how brave and resourceful he was, especially in the matter of Minnie's crocodile.

SCHOOL DAYS IN DISNEYVILLE

TOLD by CAROLINE EMERSON. School days were exciting in Disneyville when Donald and Mickey and the Three Little Pigs went to school. Mickey was a hero more than once when the Big Bad Wolf came snooping around. Donald was good in arithmetic, but he couldn't bear spelling. That made trouble for everyone, because when Donald didn't work well he got into mischief.

THE LITTLE PIG'S PICNIC AND OTHER STORIES

TOLD by MARGARET WISE BROWN. Here are all the farmyard creatures that Walt Disney interprets in appealing fashion: the Ugly Duckling, the lonely little colt, the little pig in search of her supper, Pluto's adopted chicks, and the orphan kittens. The stories of the busy ants, the carefree grasshopper, and the flying mouse bring together some of Disney's most successful and fantastic interpretations of animal life.

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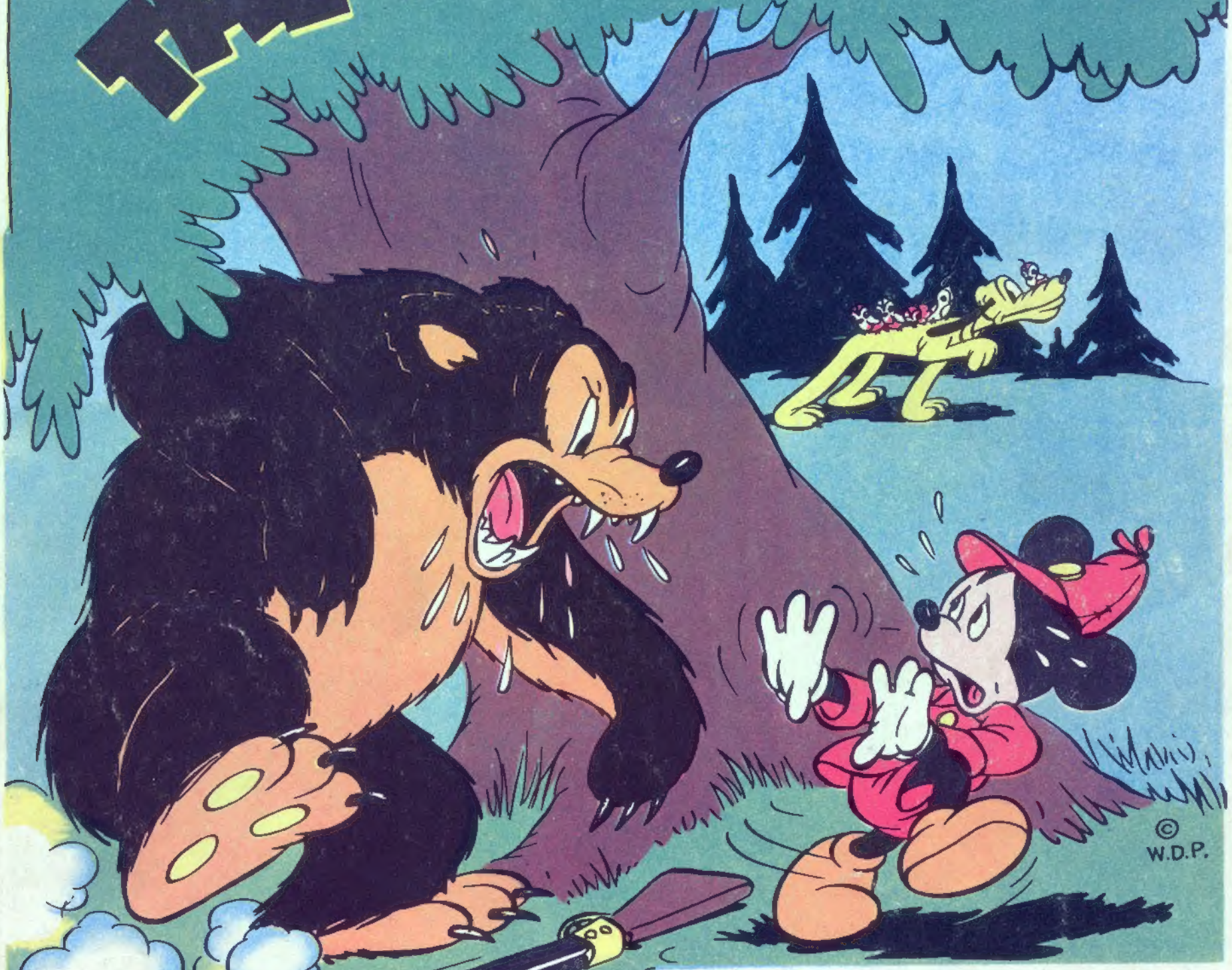
Walt Disney's

MICKEY MOUSE presents

THE POINTER

in TECHNICOLOR



When you see "The Pointer" announced for showing at your favorite movie you'll know you're in for a real laugh treat! . . A'hunting they go—and what happens will keep you in stitches! . . Don't miss it, no matter what else is on the program.

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